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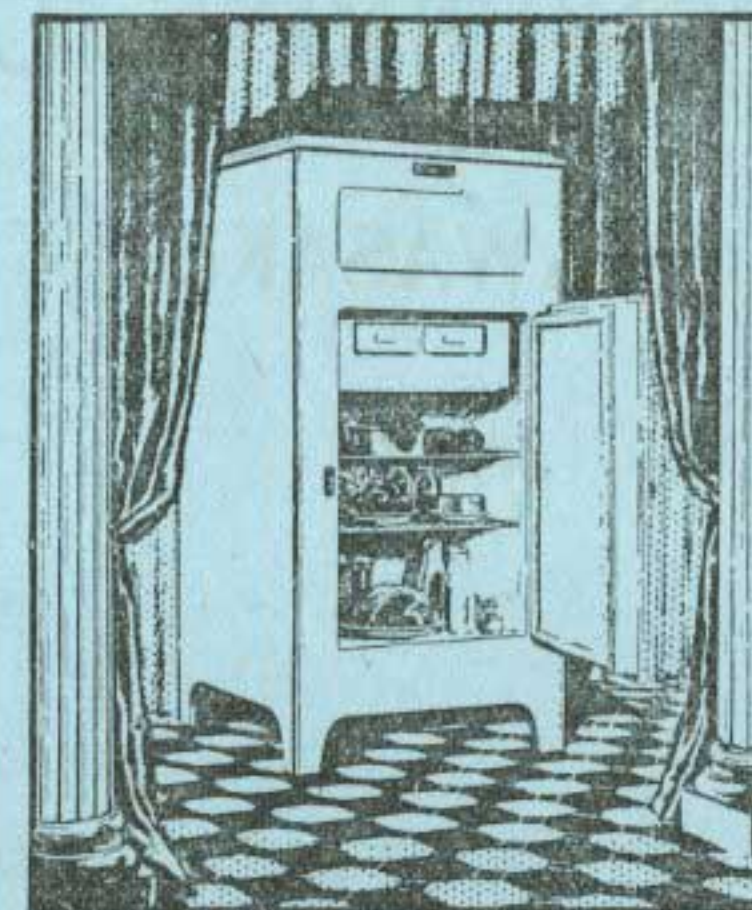


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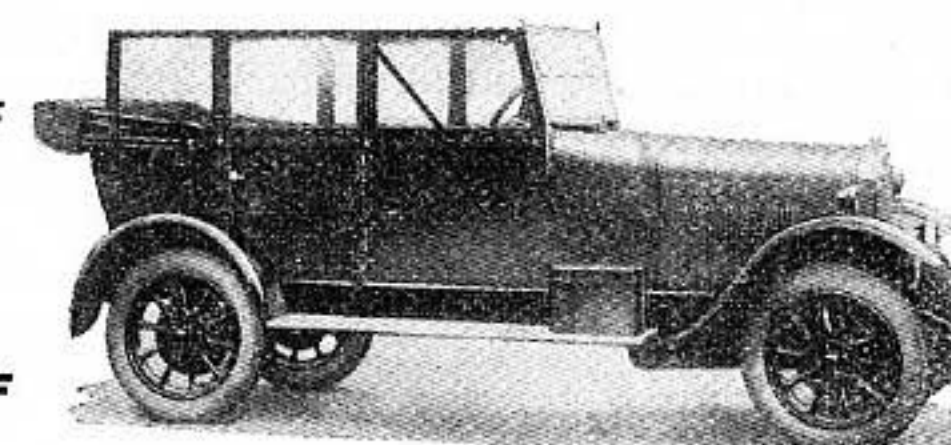
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DECEMBER, 1927

1



Alone in London on Christmas Eve

Charles Mahlmann '28

THE snow lay thick on the roofs and on the streets of the business section of London. The well-lighted show-windows of the numerous shops on the roadside cast welcoming gleams over the stone pavements illuminating the whole scene as if it were day. People were numerous on the streets, for it was Christmas eve, and pious church-goers were flocking to the various parishes and cathedrals from all parts of the city. Soon the joyful peals of a church bell, resounding through the crisp winter air, indicated that Midnight Mass, the Mass of the Birth of the Son of God was soon to begin.

The crowds of people quickened their step, and, as the chimes eventually died out, the roads became practically void of any sign of life. But look! a small child, having been carried along the road by the rush of people staggered uncertainly through

the thick snow, and eventually, after much trouble, walked up to the pavement and leaned against the pillars of a store window for support. As the light from within fell upon the little ragged urchin, a look of helplessness and appeal was seen on the little face, turned toward a bouquet of flowers in the brightly illuminated window. The child felt in his pocket, and pulled out sixpence, the proceeds of selling matches by the roadside the night before. The price marked for the flowers was also 6d but the little child was hungry and in great need of nourishment.

He was an orphan, his father having been sacrificed in the war of 1914 and his mother having a little later died of grief. The little child of nine was thus left alone in the world without a farthing in his pocket, and nobody to care for him except the Almighty Father above. Although he was not a Catholic, he longed for the waters of

baptism, and prayed fervently for the coveted grace, by which he too, might become a child of God and an inheritor of His heavenly kingdom. For a short time, he had managed to find lodging with some distantly related "aunt" in the slums of London, but as she was finally obliged, owing to lack of funds, to give up her little cottage, the little boy was miserably left to shift for himself.

After a great interior struggle, he went into the shop and bought the bouquet of flowers. With them in his possession, he went as fast as possible to a nearby church, and quietly entered. The worshipers were kneeling in profound reverence, while the music of an organ at the further end of the Church—the triumphant hymn of the King of Kings—drifted slowly to his ears. He walked silently up the aisle, and placed his small offering of flowers at the foot of the Blessed Virgin Mary's altar. Here he knelt unseen behind a pillar until the end of the Mass, after which he passed out of the Church together with the other people. At the entrance, he met a person in the garb of a Jesuit

priest coming along the road. Recognizing him at once by his dress, he thought his chance to receive baptism had come at last. He stopped the Father and telling him the miserable condition in which he was, poured out all his pitiable experiences, and asked for the priest's help and instruction. The father willingly consented, and accordingly found a place for him in the city, where he could live. Daily he went for instructions, and drank in the words of the priest as "the parched ground drinks in the welcome shower from heaven."

The month after he was baptized on the feast of the Epiphany of Our Lord. To-day we find him as a server in the Chapel of St. Constantine in London, "he became filled with God's grace, and an example to all around him, although he knew it not." He is now a well-dressed, fervent, and intelligent lad, who goes about his daily duty with utmost reverence and good-will, combined with thanksgiving to the Good Father, Who had by means of His priest, and through the intercession of the Virgin Immaculate, given him the blessing of serving him daily in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Weak But Good

Clifford Price '28

"GET out of my sight, and if I catch you in my house, again, I'll treat you as a house-breaker."

This was the climax to innumerable misfortunes which seemed to have been doled out by fate to Saburo Kumazawa. At last even his own

father had turned against him! And, only then, as he stood dejectedly before him in a spacious room, did it dawn on him, how lenient his father had been to him, and his elder brother. It required so drastic a step to pry off the encrustation that was more and more darkening his mind.

It alone had the power to bring out fully the truly paternal patience that bore with the young rake after so many escapades and repeated warnings. Alas, it was too late now to repent! He had reached the end of his tether. He could no more excite the reaction of paternal love in the pale, strained face that glared at him from across the room. No longer would the fact that he was the son of the iron King of Japan help in gaining further credits in Tokyo. He was forever disgraced. "Will you get out?" coming in harsh accents from the elder man broke abruptly the musings of Saburo, and realizing the futility of further pleading he sorrowfully trudged out of the room.

As he stood in the gloomy, stone-flagged porch, about to slip into his 'getas' and breast the sleety air, his grievances once again loomed up in his mind. Why should he suffer for his brother? was his vengeful thought. True, he, Saburo had also shameful things to be laid at his door, but this present refinement of punishment was really not his due.

It was his brother's act, which their father in his anger, had laid to his score, and for which he was inflicting the supreme punishment of disherison. "But what's the use?" he soliloquised, "What's the use in crying over spilt milk?" And with this thought, he resolutely wrapped his silk kimono tighter about, and rebinding his 'obi' to keep his kimono folds together, he bent his head to the wind and sleet, and clattered out of the house.

Saburo begged for some shelter at a friendly door, but on the cause of his plight becoming known, that door was closed against him, and thus by bitter experience he was taught to distinguish a friend of his heart from a friend of his money, and turning

sorrowfully away he went in search of a hostel.

Two weeks passed in vain search of work, and Saburo, was close to the end of his resources. Every night, there came the temptation to drink and carouse away the rest of his small capital, to drown the now stinging memories of a happy past in alcohol. Twice he had succumbed, and each time saw him sinking deeper into the mire. At last, humiliated to the extent of having to bid for a job as 'koso' or assistant to a mould maker in an iron foundry, Saburo was taken at 20 yen a month with 14 hours a day. His former grand clothes, the last remnants of his proud estate, were all tattered and torn. He now slept in a miserable shanty within the factory compounds, together with 200 other fellow-workers; sleeping little, feeding in idle imaginations on his former comfort and ease, till one day, dragging his weary body, to his 'futon' or quilt, he felt a soft touch on his arm, and turning listlessly to the interlocutor, he was aroused into wakefulness by the person of his gentle mother.

"Mother, what are you doing here?" was his surprised query. "Saburo, I have come to live with you." Was her gentle rejoinder, and looking down Saburo saw two big bundles or 'furoshikis' at her feet. "Tell me, mother, what's the meaning of your presence here?" asked Saburo, for he was distrustful of everything, suspicions picked up in the hard school of experience. He was told briefly the reason. "Your brother Koichi, is liked by your father, and I stood up for you, because he tried to lay all the blame of his own misdeeds on you. This led to quarrels between your father and me and at last he drove me out

of the house, telling me to go to you, and not to let him see the sight of both of us."

When the recital came to an end, his rage against his brother rose even above the one he kept burning in his mind against his father. He now saw the reason of his brother's acts, and also the part he played in getting his mother sent from her rightful home. Then and there, he swore in the name of his sacred ancestors, by the Shinto rites, to take vengeance on Koichi. All his mad tricks were designed to maneuver him, Saburo, forth from his father's affection, by adroitly shifting to him the blame. He had, in fact, succeeded, but Saburo, was determined to meet the situation.

* * *

"Booh!" blew the whistle in the factory of the Kumazawa Iron Works signalling the end of the day. At the entrance to the immense grounds stands a well-dressed man of forty or thereabouts. It is Saburo the 'kozo'! but what a different Saburo! At his side purrs a magnificent car, and as the thousands of workers, with heads wrapt in white towels, go out chattering and laughing merrily, he gives each and every one a kind farewell, which is returned in cordial accents.

It is twenty years since the moment when his mother had come to him at such a moment. This great factory was the outcome of dogged perseverance in making fructify the money saved at the sweat of his brow added to the capital given him by his mother on his 30th birthday. All thru the years preceding the opening of the Works and even some years after, never had she failed to give Saburo support in his great mental battle to overcome that terrifying monster which constantly waged war

against his better self, and by her gracious help, and by the comfort given by the Confessional of the Church into which he had been received ten years before had he been able to succeed. His desire for revenge was gone, and in its place an abiding longing for his father filled his heart. And now at last the chance to cry quits had come. Only this morning had he received the news from the Kumazawa Iron Syndicate requesting him to prolong the time of payment. His father had been having loss after loss, and it now seemed he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Two months ago, Saburo was favoured with an order from him for 4,000,000 yen worth of iron, and now the Syndicate could not pay. Tonight, Saburo must meet his father in a personal interview, and he was afraid. Afraid, because, his father did not know that it was he, Saburo, who was the proprietor of the Works, and also because he now held the upper hand.

Seven o'clock arrived and a car drew up at the porch of the brilliantly lit mansion of Saburo, and out of it stepped a man, bent and withered, leaning on the shoulder of his chauffeur, as if he were supporting a burden too heavy for him to carry alone. A moonfaced waiting woman led him into a gorgeous room in the center of which lay a low-table, scarcely a foot high, of 'keyaki' polished and carved exquisitely, and around which were placed six silk 'Futons' on the white 'tatami'. A few papers lay on the table, and as the father squatted near it, looking at them, Saburo entered softly and going up to his guest he quietly called him by name. At the first sound of his voice, the old man started, and twisted hastily around to

where Saburo stood. He continued to stare, and mutter to himself, and did not seem to believe his ears, till Saburo came and knelt by him and assured him that it was he in reality.

This broke the ice, and the old man, forgetting his business, started to pour out his tale of all the losses sustained, since the departure of Saburo from the house, and his son listening attentively detected frequently an undercurrent of longing for himself and for his mother although the old man was by far too proud to acknowledge the fact openly. His recital contained nothing but bitter reproaches against Koichi, for his reckless spendthrift methods had made him lose much of his business prestige, and now commissioned with

the sale of the iron purchased from Saburo, Koichi had abducted with the money never to return, thus making it impossible for the Syndicate to meet the demand. At this moment, the mother came in, suddenly, in search of Saburo, but seeing her husband there in the room she stopped short, then seemed about to flee, when the old man in tears, calling piteously rose and went to her, and falling on his knees, implored her forgiveness for his former harsh treatment.

Never was there a happier scene as was enacted in the house of Saburo at this moment of reconciliation, with Saburo praying and thanking God in all fervour for His Favourable Answer, to his constant prayer.

The Fog Warning

John Walker '28

SOON after the Valiant, an Irish Queenstown coal freighter bound for London had left port, the hitherto common sky was obscured by dark banks of murky clouds, and before long a terrific gale was sweeping the ocean, and everybody knew a fierce storm was soon to break over them. The captain cried out some orders to the crew in sharp, crisp tones, and the sailors immediately began to make everything snug on board, all movable things tightly lashed down, port-holes closed, and some ropes stretched over the deck.

Jack Gale, a young lad of 17, just from college and the hope of his widowed mother, gazed apprehensively at the furious foaming waves that

tossed the little steamer up and down in spite of her heavy cargo. A dense fog bank was rapidly approaching from the south. Meanwhile Jack wondered how he could ever repay the trust the captain, his uncle, had placed in him by paying a naval school scholarship for him at London.

"Whew-w-w!" the wind tore through the rigging of the frail craft while a monstrous wave washed over the deck and dashed furiously over all on board, breaking into white foam. Slowly but surely the barometer fell, and an hour later, the long sleepy roll of the sea had been whipped up into mad, swollen billows white-capped with seething foam, rushing over the surface of the green

depths, while the unearthly screaming of the wind drowned every other sound. The crew, except the helmsman, was ordered below and a sailor was stationed to sound the fog-horn. The little detached wisps of fog skirting the central mass of the fog-bank had combined into one impenetrable mass. The Valiant plunged headlong into the deep recess of the waves, careened dangerously to one side, and made but the little headway. The foghorn screeched dismally every two minutes.

"Do you think it's quite safe for the ship yet sir?" asked Jack of the captain.

"Oh, it's quite all right my boy; you'll be safe and sound in London before a week has passed," replied the captain with a forced air of indifference, and who felt that to tell the inexperienced boy the perturbing truth that his craft would not keep above water much longer unless the terrific storm abated, would do more harm than good.

Jack drew his eyes away from his uncle's pallid and wrinkled face, that had borne fifty long years of sun and wind, and endeavoured to take another look at the turmoil above. Ugly eager waves rushed with hideous strength against the creaking steamer while fog cut off his view on every side. Gradually, but too slowly to avert disaster, the fog was being dispersed, yet every instant the storm grew worse.

"All hands to the pumps!" cried the captain when it was discovered that the Valiant had sprung a leak and that water was fast rising in the hold. Just then with a sickening lurch, the ship turned half round, plunged deep into a wave, and a torrent of water poured down the companion-way. A hanging lamp was smashed against

the deckbeams, and darkness fell over all. Boxes, crates, men, everything lay in a struggling heap in the narrow passage. Flung down the ladder by the force of the sudden twist, Jack, half-stunned, succeeded in blindly groping to the deck flooded by the raging sea. Blood poured down his face from an ugly cut in the forehead, but with a clear head and a determination to save the Valiant, he stumbled over the hatch coaming while the sea leaped forward and dragged down the dark, crawling figure. The sailor who had been sounding the fog-horn lay a jumbled heap against a splintered crate, but the next sea spun him off to leeward. Jack felt sick and cold sweat streamed down his bloody face. The remnants of the only skiff lay by the davits. With straining eyes he gazed at the vacant helm, while some distance off in the surging ocean, he thought he beheld the white hand of the helmsman rise and fall in a last appeal to shake off the Death that seized him. By a stroke of fortune he was swept aft to the helm to which he clung, choking and gasping for life. Soon recovering his self-possession, all that had happened in those few moments appeared clear and distinct to him. The helmsman had been washed overboard, and the rudder now free to the force of the waves, had turned the ship quickly around, causing such irreparable damage.

Jack, spurred to desperation by the seeming helplessness of the situation, began to wrestle with the might of the elements with his own puny arms, striving to turn the rudder straight. There fell upon his ears the sound of a fog-siren and dimly outlined in the dark enveloping fog appeared a huge ocean liner bearing

straight upon the little steamer. How Jack managed to turn the "Valiant" around is a feat that is still to be explained, yet so it was, the ship and the lives of the seamen aboard were saved by the heroism of a boy! Still what man can say whether it was the superhuman strength of a man destined to be the savior of his fellow-creatures or whether it was the force born of desperation? Barely had Jack done this heroic deed and the trans-Atlantic liner had passed by with hardly a foot to spare, a deed that shall forever ring with undying thankfulness in the hearts of eighteen weather-beaten seamen, when he was seized by two sailors who had risked their lives crossing the

deck and carried gently down the companion-way.

The poor boy never recovered from the gibbering madness which the terror of that day had burnt into his youthful mind. The coal freighter made a safe voyage back to Queens-town with two streams of water pouring into her hold from loosened plates. Jack, returned to his mother, had not long to wait ere he passed away into a happier land, and when the Grim Reaper came to seize him there was a fierce contortion on his youthful countenance while for a time he gave the cry: "The fog-horn! Help.....help me turn the helm..... help.....the fog-horn!"

A Christmas Gift

Joseph da Silva '28

WILLIAM Carey was a very busy man; no one would have ventured to express the least doubt upon that point. It was his own boast that no day passed without some business that urged him on. And so, exclusively absorbed by his business he forgot his character and office of father.

He often thought of his dead wife who had gone to her rest a score of years before, and of her dying words "Take good care of dear Bobby." He had fulfilled his wife's dying request by giving Bobby a good and costly education. Was that not enough?

Robert Carey was a popular boy in X University not because he was the son of a wealthy man but, because of his sterling character and

pleasing personality. He was a brilliant scholar and an all-round athlete, and was known to the whole school as "Big Bob."

At present everyone was packing for the Christmas holidays. Robert Carey too was packing his belongings into an expensive leather suitcase but, going home had no meaning for him. What was home without the love of a mother or of a father? The grandeur, the beauty of a house without a parent's love is not a real home. Bob envied these other friends of his. He yearned for a mother's love and now especially when he was in the prime of youth—the fascinating age of youth—twenty.

"Your father is very busy at present so, he sent me to accompany you home." Such were the words of Wm.

Carey's old secretary, when Bob set foot on the platform of the New York depot. Nor did his father return home for dinner that night, the first night of his son's return. What a welcome!

At last they met, the next morning. How worried and grey his father looked! Wm. Carey looked at his son, his only motherless son, and saw before him a well built man with handsome features and deep blue eyes. But alas! Their meeting was a short one for as the clock struck nine Wm. Carey bade goodby to his son and left for office.

The cold welcome he had received from his father caused the blood to rush to his face. He had stood up bravely every time he came back for the holidays. Every time for ten years and with every passing year his father's attitude towards him, Wm. Carey's only son, seemed to grow colder. Again that yearning, that craving for a parent's love.

Christmas day! That day on which families reunite, and on which church bells chime through the dense winter skies to herald forth the happiness that is of the born Saviour.

Robert Carey read the note in his hand for the third time: "Merry Christmas, Bobby. Pity I cannot have dinner with you as I have to be present at the Director's Christmas dinner-party. Dad." Alone on Christ-

mas Day! If only he could have his father home to wish him a merry Christmas in person. His father had left him a big check as a Christmas gift but, the one big gift he wanted was missing, the love of his father. The Child of Bethlehem flashed across his troubled mind. An hour later found Bobby in the Sacred Heart Church kneeling beside the crib. At last he had found solace and comfort. His mind seemed clearer and he felt relieved. He hoped and prayed for that one gift, his father's love.

God's answer to his pleadings came almost immediately. It was almost dinner time when Bob had almost despaired of seeing his father that night, that Christmas night, when the honk of a car aroused him. The car stopped in front of the entrance and leaning on the window-sill he saw his father alighting from the car and heard him say in a cheery voice to the chauffeur. "I will not go to the Director's dinner after all. Sonny surely will feel lonely without me."

Tears of joy gathered in his eyes. His greatest wish, his greatest desire was at last granted.

He was in the drawing room before his father and as the latter entered Bob ran to him and locked in each others embrace Bob thanked the Infant in the Crib and wished his father a Merry Christmas.

The Paths of Fortune

Charles Mahlmann '28

SOME twenty years ago, in a lordly manor situated on a hill overlooking the city of Lancashire, there lived a happy family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. James Christophersen, and their two sons, Paul and Christopher. Since that time, however, many sad changes have taken place; first, the father was swindled out of his money by his executor;

then his wife died of a fatal disease, while not long after, the grief-stricken father pined away, leaving his two sons alone in the world. At the present time, we see good-natured Chris as the able-bodied commander of Destroyer 29 of the British South Atlantic fleet, and Paul, sad to say, as the rash and adventurous mate of the tramp steamer *Harpooner* engaged as a smuggler of ore on the southern coasts of British Africa. It happened then, that Chris, utterly unaware of his brother's odious proceedings was commissioned by the British Admiralty to put a stop to the nefarious business of the *Harpooner*.

Three weeks later Destroyer 29 was tossing precariously in the rough seas around the Cape of Good Hope. Since she had been rather heavily laden with ammunition, she did not give so much to the waves as she would have done had she been more lightly loaded. To make matters worse, she was blown ten points off her course, and her store of coal was rapidly decreasing. But Chris was a man for winds and waves, and after two sleepless nights at the wheel, the storm showed signs of abating. The next day, the 29 stormed into a small coaling station on the Nigerian coast, to re-fill her bunkers and to make some minor repairs on the engine which had been slightly damaged during the gale.

In a week she was off again, and, for the next fortnight, was unsuccessful in her search, until, one day, there came the welcome call from the forward look-out: "Sail on the star-board bow!" Almost instantaneously, the course of the boat was changed, a dense cloud of smoke gushed from the destroyer's smoke stack, and the water foamed and churned as she surged her way through the billows.

After a quarter of an hour, the quarry was quite full in view, observed as trying to elude the pursuer by dodging behind the many small islands off that part of the coast. Seeing the need of quick action, the captain of the D. 29 issued a sharp order to the bow gunner, and almost instantly a column of water was seen to rise before the bow of the *Harpooner*, accompanied by a dull boom.

Paul Christophersen on board the other steamer knew only too well the grim significance of the command to "heave to," and accordingly gave the order to stop the engines and await developments. Ere long a boat with a dozen marines and Capt. Chris himself had set off from the destroyer, which had also come to a standstill. A rope ladder was hung over the side of the tramp, and they all got safely up on deck. As soon as the marines were all on board, the crew of the *Harpooner* rushed upon the soldiers with whatever implements they could find handy, and the next instant a battle royal was in progress. Chris was standing on deck together with the sailors when the unexpected rush came, and, perceiving the hostile design of the crew he shot at the burly figure that was bearing madly down upon him. The man fell, uttering a cry which struck Chris as being strangely familiar. In the midst of the mêlée, he knelt down, and found himself looking into the face of his brother! He carried him to shelter straightway and administered restoratives, but the bullet had done its worst, and, with the means at hand there was no chance of recovery. After a few short minutes, Paul opened his filmy, bloodshot eyes and recognized the face of his brother. The dying man summoned up all his remaining strength, and said in a faint and feeble voice:—"Forgive.....me,

brother....." With this he again closed his eyes, and yielded forth his dying breath. Chris rose from his kneeling posture, with tears in his eyes, and rowed back to the destroyer with his victorious companions, his face distraught with grief. He never completely recovered from the shock of losing the one dearest to him in the world, and naturally resigned his commission in the navy.

He is now again living in the little sea-side town of Lancashire;—the manor on the hill is the same as it was when he was a young boy, but he has now grown to the age of maturity, and owns a small sailing skiff in which he often takes out Chris Christophersen Jr. to instruct him in the rudiments of naval science.

The Ten Thousand Yen Pearl

Alex Neary '28

MIYAUCHI was a well known antiquarian of Yokohama who kept a dingy little shop in Bentendori. All the curio collectors of Japan either knew him personally or had heard of him.

One misty November morning after eight o'clock, he set out to attend an auction sale of antique, curio and furniture which had belonged to a well-to-do resident of the city, recently deceased. The late Mr. Ogishi, in his day, had at one time enjoyed the reputation of an antiquary.

At the beginning of the auction, Miyauchi bought a few things but he was never really interested until there was put up a big, old, bronze "daibutsu." Miyauchi bought it for a thousand yen and later in the day had it, along with his other purchases, transferred to his warehouse.

After tiffin the next day, he went to his warehouse where the bronze daibutsu had been temporarily stored. He examined it thoroughly and had it placed in one of the cabinets of his store, the key of which he put in his pocket.

The very next morning, there came into his shop an elderly lady. She was dressed in black, and her hair, silvery white, was soft and fluffy in its arrangement. After eyeing him for a while, she asked: "Oh—ah—you are Mr. Miyauchi, the virtuoso, I suppose?"

"Somewhat noted for that, madam," he replied with a graceful bow.

A slight pause followed, during which the man waited quietly. The tickings of many clocks among the curios of the shop filled the interval of silence.

"Ah, I am a collector of antiques and I should like to see what objects of value you have. Anything good I would like to buy."

"If you'll allow me to show you around?" The visitor was only too willing to be shown around. He took her from cabinet to cabinet, showing her things that were of note and value; finally, he took her to the one where the daibutsu was kept. Glancing towards her he happened to note that she became nervous as soon as the daibutsu was displayed in its cabinet. She pre-

tended to pass it by as an object of no particular interest, then paused. "Rather a quaint old thing! It's first owner was a daimyo, wasn't it so?" Then passing it she suddenly said: "I—oh—dear me! I feel faint! Can—can you get me a glass of water?"

It was a long way from the upstairs room to the ground floor where water could be had. But Miyauchi laughed to himself knowing what the lady wanted.

"Madam, it is of no use to fake, I know what is in that daibutsu. There is a secret hole in it, you know full well where the lid to it is and also how to open it. In it there is a small parcel. There is also a document signed by you for the receipt of ¥10,000.00 loaned to you by Mr. Ogishi. With all these things you are familiar but you do not

know one thing that there is also in that parcel a certificate besides the pearl and it states that the pearl is paste! I put it there myself and had it signed by one of the leading jewel experts."

The lady paled and after several seconds of perplexity asked: "How much do you want for the daibutsu?"

"As you are so anxious to have it I will take a thousand and fifty yen, but, on condition, that you go right now to Mr. Ogishi's sole executor of the will and show me a receipt stating that you paid him ten thousand yen in compensation for the false pearl you placed in Ogishi's hands as security, otherwise....." The lady hurriedly left the room and went; suffice it to say that, an hour later, she brought him the required receipt.

The Preparation of Radium Salts

By John S. Boyd, B.Sc., S.I.E.E. ('19)

THERE is only one mine in this country (the United Kingdom) where radium is being extracted as a commercial enterprise. It is the South Terras Mine in Cornwall, in the south-west corner of England, and I propose to give a short account of the preparation of radium on the commercial scale as carried out at this mine, which I had the pleasure of once visiting.

The shaft with its winding-gear is situated at the summit of the hill, and stands out clear against the sky, while the crushing works are situated lower down, and the extraction building occupies the foot of the hill.

The general geological formation of the locality in common with that of the greater part of the county belongs to the Devonian system, consisting largely of killas or clay shales; these, however, are penetrated by large masses of granite.

Along this shale and granite occur plates of a shining green mineral—torbenite or uranite—consisting of mixed phosphates of uranium and copper. Hitherto the workings of the mine have been confined to the extraction of radium from this torbenite which occurs in the upper part of the mine, from the surface down to a depth of some 20 fathoms. Below

this is a lode of pitch-blende as yet unworked, and varying in thickness from 2 to 14 inches.

Pitchblende is, of course, the most familiar source of uranium and radium, and consists almost entirely of uranous uranate, $U(UO_4)_2$, though, as just said, this particular lode has not yet been worked.

The torbenite is brought to the surface and conveyed some way down the hill to the drying and crushing plant; and thence to the extraction plant at the foot of the hill, which is ingeniously designed so that the natural declivity of the situation facilitates the siphoning processes which are an essential part of the extraction, while the necessary plant is all contained under a single roof. In fact this is, I believe, the only radium works in the world where the crude mineral excavated at the top of a hill is made to yield its finished product—radium chloride—at the bottom.

On arrival at the extraction works, the crushed mineral is made into a paste with commercial hydrochloric acid, and allowed to stand for about three weeks. At the end of that time most of the metallic elements originally present have gone into solution, and as torbenite contains both uranium and copper, its solutions exhibit a beautiful green colour, the effect of which is enhanced by the white concrete pans in which the earlier process are carried out.

The radium present occurs only in the residues, or—as they are termed, with that disregard of euphony which seems to characterize most of our commercial processes—the “slimes.” The paste remaining after extraction with hydrochloric acid is washed with water in a hydraulic classifier which effects a separation into non-radioactive sands and the radioactive “slimes.”

The “slimes” thus freed from admixture with sand are next run into a vat, together with the solution of the other metals obtained by extraction with hydrochloric acid. Here the mixture is allowed to settle and, when the supernatant liquid is clear, it is siphoned off. The radium remains in the insoluble residue, but the supernatant liquid contains uranium salts which are an important by-product.

To separate the uranium from other metallic salts, this liquid is treated with excess of sodium carbonate, whereby, although the metals other than uranium are precipitated as carbonates, the uranium remains in solution. This solution is next accurately neutralized with sulphuric acid and then precipitated with caustic soda, by which process the most important by-product—sodium uranate ($Na_2U_2O_7$)—is obtained. This, it is almost needless to say, is shipped off to Germany, there to be used in tinting that peculiar fluorescent yellow-green glass which is known as uranium glass.

It is a good instance of the mutability of mundane affairs, that the uranium ores used to be worked for the extraction of that metal, and that Professor and Mme. Curie extracted radium from the waste materials after all the precious uranium had been removed: while now it is the uranium that is the by-product and the residues contain an element far more precious than gold itself.

We must now direct our attention to the radioactive “slimes,” freed as we have seen from sand and from uranium and most other metallic impurities. The “slimes” are next mixed with barium chloride, boiled with sodium carbonate, and run into concrete tanks, where sedimentation is again allowed to take place.

The barium and radium salts are in the precipitate, while the supernatant fluid contains unused sodium carbonate. This is siphoned off and used in the uranium extraction process just described.

The sediment is washed with water to eliminate any sodium sulphate that may remain, and then boiled with commercial hydrochloric acid, which, however, has been rendered free of sulphates by a preliminary boiling with barium chloride.

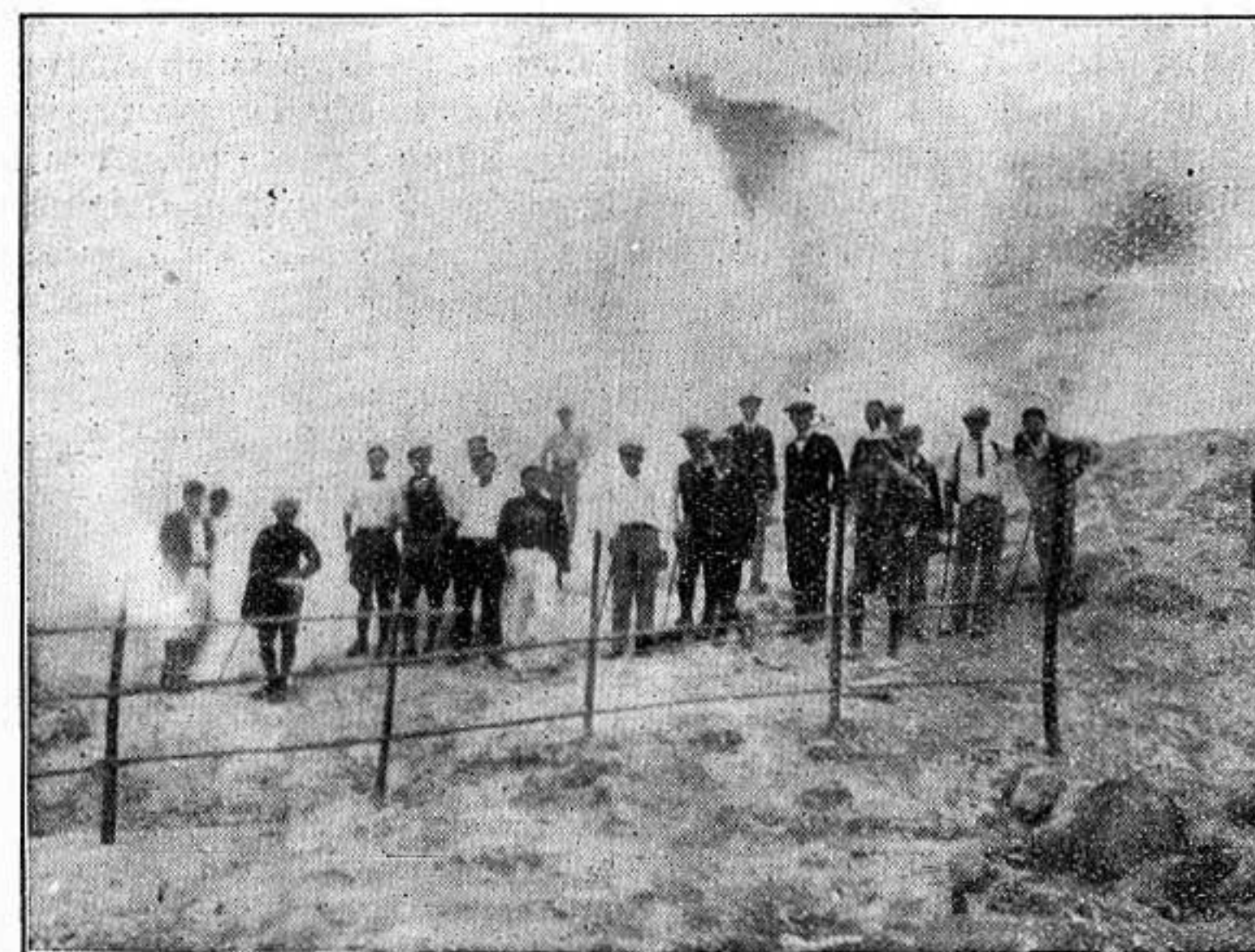
The mixture is again allowed to settle and the supernatant fluid siphoned off, but this time the radium—converted into chloride—is in the solution and not in the residue. As a result of the preceding processes we have now a clear acid liquid containing radium and barium chloride in solution, and the problem now in hand is the separation of the radium from the barium salts.

The first step consists in the addition of sulphuric acid, the effect of which is the precipitation of both barium

and radium as sulphates. The sulphates sink to the bottom of the vessel as an amorphous heavy white powder. After siphoning off the supernatant liquid the precipitate, consisting of the sulphates of barium and radium, is boiled with sodium carbonate, so as to convert the sulphates into carbonates. The sodium sulphate is again washed away with water, and the residue again boiled with sulphate-free hydrochloric acid; the chlorides of barium and radium are again present in solution, but in a much greater state of purity than at the earlier stage in the proceedings.

The mixed chlorides, being now present in solution in a pure form, are subjected to a process of fractionation to remove the barium salts. Finally, the chlorides are converted into bromides and again fractionated until ultimately pure radium bromide remains.

Radium bromide is the usual commercial form in which the metal is sold.



The Chemical Class visits the steam vents of Hakone

FRANÇAIS

UN CAS EMBARRASSANT

John Mutow.....'28

Il y a bien longtemps, dans cette contrée mystérieuse qu'est l'Inde, une question fort difficile vint embarrasser un rajah et sa cour. Le rajah avait un énorme éléphant, animal favori, dont il aurait voulu connaître le poids. Hélas les plus grosses balances étaient comme des jouets comparées à l'animal, et nul ne songea à s'en servir pour peser le gros pachyderme. Comment faire pour satisfaire la curiosité du rajah? Les plus grands savants du pays discutèrent cette question, mais aucune solution ne put être trouvée à ce problème un peu trop difficile. On allait finir par croire qu'il est impossible de trouver le poids d'un éléphant, quand un jeune homme pauvre, mais intelligent s'offrit à résoudre ce problème dont tout le pays était préoccupé.

Il donna donc ordre de mener la bête au bord du Gange. Une foule immense occupait les rives dès le matin, car chacun était curieux de savoir comment on allait faire pour peser l'animal favori du rajah. Le jeune homme fit venir une grande barque et ordonna d'y faire monter l'éléphant. Puis, prenant un stylet il fit au niveau de l'eau à l'extérieur de la barque une petite marque. Après cela, il fit descendre l'éléphant et chargea la barque de pierres jusqu'à ce que l'eau eût atteint la même marque. Les pierres contenues dans la barque furent pesées une à une. Le poids total était naturellement égal à celui de l'éléphant.

Le jeune homme put ainsi satisfaire la curiosité du rajah, qui ne manqua pas de le récompenser en le prenant à son service.

Converti par les brigands

John Walker '28

Le sud de l'Italie a été, jusqu'à ces dernières années, infesté par des brigands. Le comte Minatti le sait bien mais une course urgente le force à traverser cette région, et c'est par un temps d'orage qu'il monte dans la vallée étroite au bout de laquelle

se trouve le château de son ami. Tout à coup il se trouve en face de dix brigands bien armés qui sautent sur lui, le lient, et le font prisonnier, ainsi que son domestique. Quelques minutes après, ils suivent un sentier solitaire, le long de la montagne.

Alors le pauvre comte commence à réfléchir. Il a une immense fortune, amassée par son avarice, mais cela ne lui servira de rien. Il a refusé de faire l'aumône, de venir au secours du pauvre, d'aider les malheureux; maintenant son tour est arrivé, son avarice va trouver une juste punition. Triste et abattu le comte se laisse faire. Il est enchaîné ainsi que son domestique et emmené à deux kilomètres de la grand'route. Là, les brigands le déchainent car le sentier trop étroit ne permet pas à un homme lié de marcher en sûreté. Les brigands vont devant. Les prisonniers, qui savent que la fuite est impossible, suivent docilement. Minatti regrettant son avarice promet de s'amender s'il sort vivant de la main des voleurs. En bas, à cent mètres du sentier, le torrent

coule impétueux; à droite, la montagne à pic. Confiants et sûrs les brigands vont de l'avant, fiers de leur capture.

Soudain le comte qui en est là à ses sombres réflexions s'arrête. Il n'entend plus les pas des brigands. Soupçonnant quelque danger, il s'avance sur les genoux et tâte le chemin avec les mains. Horreur! le vide, à trois pas de la place où il s'était arrêté. Le sentier avait été emporté par un éboulement et les brigands tombés dans le torrent, tués dans leur chute.

Quelques jours après, le comte converti et revenu à de meilleurs sentiments surprit son entourage par sa générosité envers les pauvres et son activité à secourir toutes les misères humaines. Les brigands l'avaient converti.

Abe Tada-Aki

L. Galstaun '29

Abé Tada-Aki peut être considéré, dans ce pays, comme le pionnier de la charité. C'est lui qui fonda le premier asile pour les enfants trouvés. Grand seigneur à la cour d'Iemitsu, fils et successeur d'Ieyasu Tokugawa dans le shogunat, il sut se garder de toute flatterie.

Un jour il donna à son maître une leçon bien méritée; leçon qui blessa le Shogun dans son orgueil. Abé ne s'en repent pas, mais tombé en disgrâce à la suite de cet incident, il sut garder sa dignité et occuper ses loisirs à pratiquer la charité.

Il transforma sa maison en hôpital et y accueillit tous les enfants abandonnés par leurs parents. Dès que la chose fut connue beaucoup de gens l'épièrent pour mettre leurs enfants

sur son passage et les confier aux soins d'Abé Tada-Aki. Ce que voyant, un des samurai de sa maison lui dit: "Vous feriez mieux de cesser ce métier; voyez, trop de gens mettent leurs enfants sur votre chemin pour vous les faire ramasser. A la fin tout le monde les imitera. Si vous continuez cette pratique vous serez débordé par le nombre d'enfants." A cela Abé fit cette belle réponse: "Rien n'est plus fort que l'amour d'une mère pour son enfant. Si elle l'abandonne c'est que la plus extrême pauvreté l'y oblige. Or quand des parents sans ressources abandonnent ainsi leurs enfants c'est à moi de les adopter. Si par là je mettais les miens dans la gêne je tiendrais compte de votre observation, mais je n'emploie pour

soulager cette misère que l'argent destiné à mes plaisirs et à mes divertissements. Je suis noble et je dois donner l'exemple à tous. C'est pour cela que je recueille ces pauvres petits êtres dont la présence et les cris au bord des chemins sont une honte pour le Japon. J'userai mes forces et j'emploierai toutes mes ressources,

s'il le faut, pour guérir cette plaie honteuse."

A la suite de cette remarque, son ardeur pour secourir les pauvres alla en augmentant au lieu de diminuer. Beaucoup de jeunes gens et de jeunes filles lui sont redevables de leur vie et de leur fortune.

Le Primauguet

Pierre Savary '33

Depuis quatre jours environ une des plus belles unités de la marine de guerre française était en rade de Yokohama. C'était le Primauguet, croiseur léger et rapide de huit mille tonnes, filant trente-cinq noeuds.

Mercredi après-midi comme il n'y avait pas classe je suis allé le visiter avec mes parents.

Arrivés à bord à deux heures et demie nous y avons trouvé Monsieur de Billy, notre ambassadeur, ainsi que la colonie française de Yokohama. Tout à coup vingt-et-un coups de canon saluent l'arrivée des autorités japonaises: le ministre et le vice-ministre de la guerre, quelques amiraux et beaucoup d'autres officiers de marine. Tous se réunissent sur la plage arrière pour voir le fonctionnement de la catapulte. A peine avions-nous mis les pieds sur le bateau que des officiers vinrent s'offrir pour nous faire voir et expliquer les différentes parties du bateau. Nous avons eu comme cicérone le capitaine torpilleur en chef.

Notre première visite fut pour cette merveilleuse machine appelé catapulte, qui, grâce à l'air comprimé, lance un avion à la vitesse de cinquante kilo-

mètres. C'est le célèbre aviateur Demougeot qui est à bord pour faire la démonstration. A deux heures et demie le moteur de l'avion travaille à toute puissance puis à un coup de sifflet, voici l'avion déjà en l'air. Il monte, descend, et semble faire force courbettes autour du croiseur.

L'avion lancé, nous nous rendîmes aux tubes lance-torpilles. Ils ne se trouvent pas comme sur les anciens bateaux à l'intérieur, mais sur le pont même du Primauguet. Les tubes sont partagés en huit groupes de deux. Chaque groupe peut tourner dans n'importe quelle direction et lancer des projectiles formidables, d'énormes torpilles à deux hélices.

Notre guide nous fit voir la passerelle où se trouvent tous les instruments de navigation. Sur cette passerelle se trouve une sorte de galerie vitrée où l'officier se promène pendant son quart; puis la chambre de veille du commandant. Dans un bureau tout à côté de cette chambre se trouve la centrale téléphonique, qui permet de communiquer avec tous les points du bateau. Là se trouve également un appareil émetteur de télégraphie sans fil qui permet

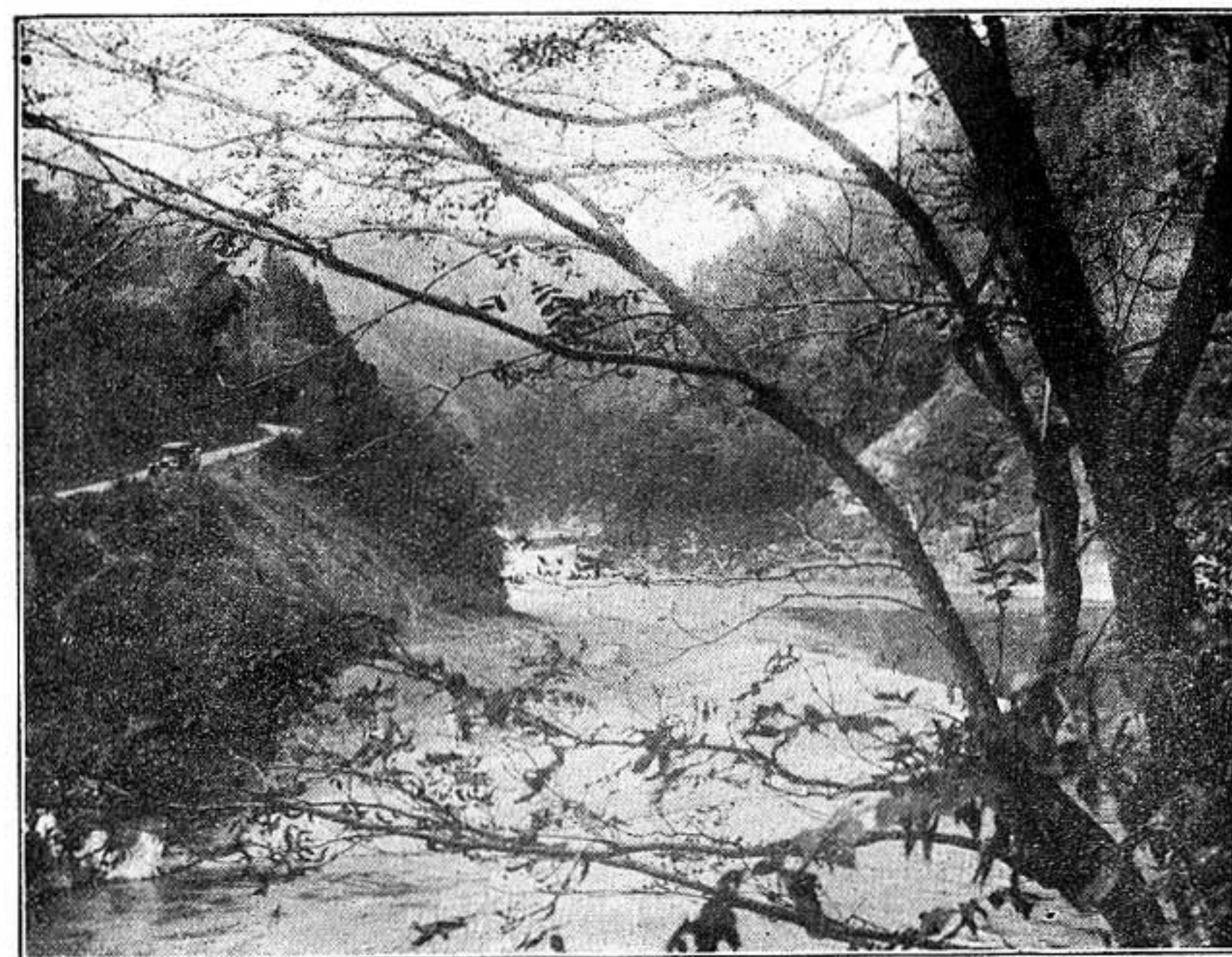
d'envoyer des messages sans passer par le grand poste de sans-fil.

La visite de la passerelle achevée nous sommes allés voir l'usine électrique. Là se trouvent des tableaux de marbre avec des feux de toutes les couleurs, des manettes, des cadrans, des transformateurs, et une dynamo qui fournit le courant à tout le bateau y compris les projecteurs.

Après avoir vu tout le bateau on

nous mena à la salle à manger des officiers, où le champagne et un thé étaient offerts par l'amiral Stotz à la société française ainsi qu'aux Japonais, ministres, vice-ministre et amiraux représentant le gouvernement impérial.

La visite finie nous avons quitté le bord avec le cœur un peu serré pensant que ce bateau dans quelques jours irait revoir la douce France.



A Japanese Autumnal Scene



CHRISTMAS

Thou Prince of Peace, and King of Kings,
This day I draw myself to Thee,
And weak and sinful though I be,
I heed Thy calling: "Come to Me."

O Eucharistic Lord of Hosts,
With glory Thine the heavens ring,
May I to Thee sweet service bring,
May all the world Thy praises sing.

O Sacred Heart, Sweet Gentleness,
Thou art my refuge and my love,
This day I wish to learn to praise
Thee as the seraphs do above.

To-day Thou art re-born again
Beneath this sacramental veil,
Dear Lord, make pure my heart of stain,
My spirit with thy grace regale.

O Sovereign of the universe,
Confide me 'neath Thy sacred wing,
And in Thy goodness infinite,
Accept my humble offering.

C. Mahlmann '28

FIRE!

The bell rings out at the firemen's station,
Where the men are ready by night and day;
Ready to cope with a conflagration—
In a few seconds, then off and away.

Away, away, as swift as an arrow.

Splendid in scarlet and glittering brass;
Be the road broad, or be the road narrow,
Room for the fire engine! room to pass!

Soon there are hundreds and hundreds gazing
At the group of figures against the sky,
Playing a nozzle on a roof ablazing,
While sparks from the flames are mountain
high.

A cry of horror—the roof is falling:
And what—oh what, do the walls now
hide?
Though none may know of the scenes ap-
palling,
The hardest battles are fought inside.

Fiercer and fiercer the fire is burning
And the crowd's excitement is waxing
wild,
As now a fireman is seen returning
Right through the smoke with a child.

There is a ledge on a lower landing
Can he reach it safely?—Some doubt and
fear,
But one—a woman of understanding,
Calls to the crowd to give him a cheer.

The fireman hears, though the flames are
roaring,
And he leaps to the ledge, and life and joy:
No more a mother is heard imploring
She holds in her arms her baby boy.

When the firemen leave, they leave few traces
Of the danger dared, and the awful strain.
Thank God there are no vacant places
Tonight, as the fire engine goes home
again.

The firemen mount their machine and go so
gaily

Whenever there comes the call for aid,
And think of the risks run nightly and daily,
Three cheers for the heroes—the fire
brigade.

Victor Morigin.

THE MOTHER

Thou portal of the heavenly sky,
Purest of creatures, hear thou our cry.
Channel of grace, sweet Star of the Sea,
Untainted lily of purity.

Hail, sweet ocean of grace divine
Fill with joy these hearts of thine,
And heal our wounds, sweet comfort give
To all that suffer, all that live.

O Morning Star, O beauteous shrine,
Guide thou the men on the flashing brine.
And keep them ever in thy sight,
Through stormy sea and perilous night.

Through all the trials of earthly strife,
And through the pilgrimage of life,
Thou art my solace and my love,
My holy heav'n-crowned Queen above.

C. Mahlmann '28

THE KING'S BIRTH

The Magi's star shone brighter still,
Three Magi wondered why.
The world was resting and at peace,
When angels' trumpets blew from high.

The shepherds heard and came to see,
The Babe, their Lord, their King,
In adoration, they bowed and prayed,
When the angels began to sing.

All hail! All hail! the seraphs sang
The Lord our Redeemer is born.
So likewise we should sing and pray
To Him, on Christmas morn.

The Magi's star shone brighter still,
O'er the stable of the King,
Three Magi entered and there they saw
In a crib, the Child, their King.

Costly gifts they laid at His feet,
They begged for pardon and for grace,
Once more the angels begin to sing,
As He rests in Mary's fond embrace.

J. Da Silva '28

THE STRAY DOG

Winter chilled the dying year,
Snow fell thick and fast;
Moaning loud, the bitter wind
Murmured of the past.

Sheltered 'neath the lowly eaves,
Crowned by frost and snow,
Shadowed by the dismal gloom,
Crouched a dog below.

Trembling on the frozen earth,
Gazing at the stormy sky,
Thinking of his master lost,
The image could not die.

Time and hour had passed away,
Days of hunger and cold,
Since a merciless ruffian
Him to a catcher sold.

Longing for his absent master
In his lonely situation,
Away to find the cheerful lad,
He fled with anticipation.

And now an expiring whine,
Through the darkness floating,
Cold utterance of undying love,
Was mournful and appealing.

John Walker '28

MOTHER

Oh, Blessed Virgin from Thy throne
So high in heaven above,
Protect me with Thy tender care,
And cheer me with Thy love.

When from virtue's path away
I seem to wander 'stray,
Then Mary lead Thy helpless child
Unto the heavenly way.

When thorns beset life's vagrant path
And muddy waters flow,
Then Mary keep my hand in Thine,
Thyself a Mother show.

O Mary always pray for me
And ne'er withdraw Thy care,
And lead me safe to eternity
Thy happiness to share.

P. Fehlen '28

THE KING'S BIRTH

On Judah's plain t'was Christmas night,
Early on that promised morn.
A star came forth, and shed her light,
A herald to men forlorn.

Over Bethlehem, the sleeping town,
Streamed a light supernal,
While from high there floated down,
Voices from the eternal.

Shepherds saw the angel array,
And their song they heard again:
'Christ the King, is born today!
Peace on earth, good will to men.'

John Walker '28

GOD'S ANSWER

Many a day had flown away
Into the dimness of the past,
Since the cobbler's son had died,
And bowed to Death's blast.

Haggard and feeble, weak and poor,
Bent the cobbler was with woe;
Yet he worked from day to day
And pined away on earth below.

"Oh God! Return my James to me,
Whom I cherished and I loved,
For I come with bended knee;
Oh give me my son beloved!"

Thus beneath the shady woods,
From within the silent grove,
Rose that grieved cry to Heaven,
To that Kingdom up above.

Whilst the woods in darkness slumbered,
Lay the cobbler still and dead,
Answered was his longing prayer;
Homeward his soul had sped.

Now when winter whitens all,
Vague in the snowy atmosphere,
Lie the graves of the cobblers two,
Below the hill, bleak and drear.

John Walker '28

EDITORIAL

THE RT. REV. BISHOP JANUARIUS HAYASAKA D. D.

SOON the first native Roman Catholic Bishop ever consecrated will be returning to our shores. We all know the glory that encircled the epoch-making event of his consecration at the Pope's hands last October 30th. Doctor Hayasaka was made to feel the immense weight of sympathy that went out to him from all over the world in view of the heavy responsibility he is about to shoulder; he was made to feel the whole-hearted endorsement of the Roman Pontiff's choice regarding the

signal honor conferred on him—an honor that sheds its own particular lustre because of its historical character.

Bishop Hayasaka is known to the Forward. He has been a frequent visitor in our Forward circle. Along with all the multitudinous friends, well-wishers and co-religionists that will bid him welcome home as the new Bishop of Nagasaki we too present our most sincere wishes.

Ad multos annos!

Value of Reading

J. M. '28

READING at once conscientious and painstaking is the source of many beneficial results. Under its influence, the nobler senses of a man are awakened, and a hunger for culture, truth, and wisdom becomes a predominant factor in his life.

Abraham Lincoln, one of the most celebrated of American statesmen, learned the ABC of composition-writing from such few books, like Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and Aesop's Fables, the only available in the wilderness of Kentucky. Yet, in spite of this deplorable condition, his public addresses, so tender and touching that have ever dropped from human lips, are still regarded as masterpieces in the English literature of America.

Compared to his pitiable plight, our condition is good indeed. Profit by it before it is too late. Teachers and friends alike may stimulate an interest in science, but without the united co-operation of individual effort and a glowing thirst for knowledge, the attempt would be an absolute failure. "Where there's a will, there's a way," should be our unconscious motto.

The libraries in our homes should not be an ornament, but an object of keen appreciation and understanding; and as the smothered embers of interest for learning are raked up and leap into flames, so does the barometrical advance of your intellectual growth. Our study is an intellectual workshop where narrow, supersti-

tous ideas are discarded, and scientific data absorbed. There, is where we inhale the crisp, snappy expressions, and freshly-baked phrases which act as baits to attract the attention of the jostling, selfish millions of this indifferent world.

Japan and Aerial Advancement

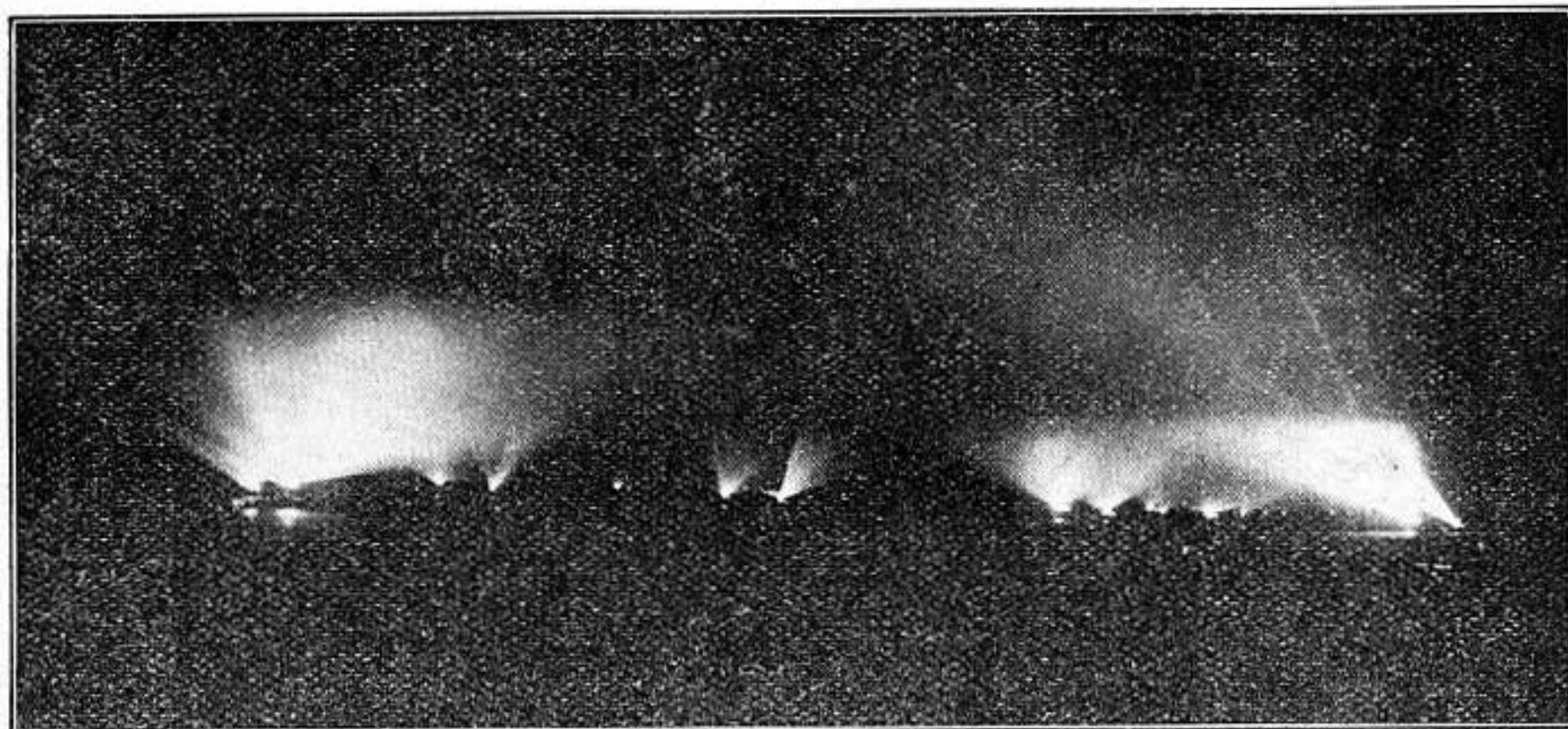
C. M. '28

COLONEL Lindbergh's glorious and heroic achievement in crossing the Atlantic, has hugely exercised the aeronautic world. Most of the countries in which aerial navigation had but a slight foothold before this historic flight have made a perceptible increase in this direction during the past few months. Japan seized the good opportunity to boost herself as regard aerial navigation so as to compete with the leading countries of the world. Progress—though not of the "spread-eagle" kind is here and we are on the *qui vive* looking forward to the near future, when the Japanese pioneers of a new age will venture farther into the air-ocean. The air commerce of Japan we hope, will soon be virtually upon us, and, within a decade will be in full

Follow the slogan "Knowledge is power" and do not forget to suit your actions to your words. Strive at all times, to emerge from the dark dungeon of ignorance and let the light of truth and enjoyment shine in your path.

swing. Japan's fostering and promoting aerial transportation and trade, will aid also other factors of national growth. Prompt delivery of mail demands an improved service, and if done by means of aircraft would be of inestimable value to all parties concerned. The efficiency of organizations which depend on aerial mail can be judged by the manner in which they fulfil their respective government contracts and their success along industrial lines during the last couple of years.

No doubt Japan will soon realize that greater progress must be made along these lines and enlarge the construction plants for aeroplanes and aircraft to meet the aerial demands of the future industrial Japanese nation.



Japanese Naval Display by Night

Outings

J. W. '28

EVERY year we spend a day in the Hakone mountains as a class and distinguish it from other holidays by calling it our outing. Perhaps to the casual observer, such a day would mean only unnecessary financial outlay, haste and bustle on the eve of the momentous day and undue anxiety on the part of loving parents. Now, such a view is narrow-minded and short-sighted. We must look deeper, beneath the surface of things. The outing engenders in the hearts of the boys awakened interest in the welfare of the school as a complete unit; it deepens our love for it, so that for many a day afterwards, a

keen sense of pride for the institution animates us. Then old friendships lapsing into coldness, enliven into happy, laughing flames of intimacy; we gain new friends, new companions to cheer us over the hardships and disappointments of life. Thus, the social effects of this trip can hardly be overrated. And last, but not least, come the various impressions of the entire trip that tend to broaden our minds to the scope of a wider world. Impressions gained and added to the stock of our worldly experiences help to distract us from the routine of our daily life, in short, improve us both mentally and physically.

Advertising

P. F. '28

ONE of the most predominant forces in this great world of business is advertising. We all know that this is a printed salesmanhip which greatly helps to make public the different trades and commercial products. Nearly everyone knows the slogan "It pays to advertise" but many of the people through ignorance of the main idea of advertising, do not advertise, and so it comes about that they have no business to advertise.

The word advertising signifies general publi-

city. Everyone should advertise by illustrating the different articles in his stock and put attractive prices on them. The best way to advertise is to buy some space in some real and true magazine as the Forward. This magazine finds its way to many corners of the world and by advertising in it everyone will profit by it. An attractive photograph of some article with a few short crisp sentences in this magazine would greatly attract the public eye.

As I have said before "It pays to advertise" so why not advertise.



"It pays to advertise"

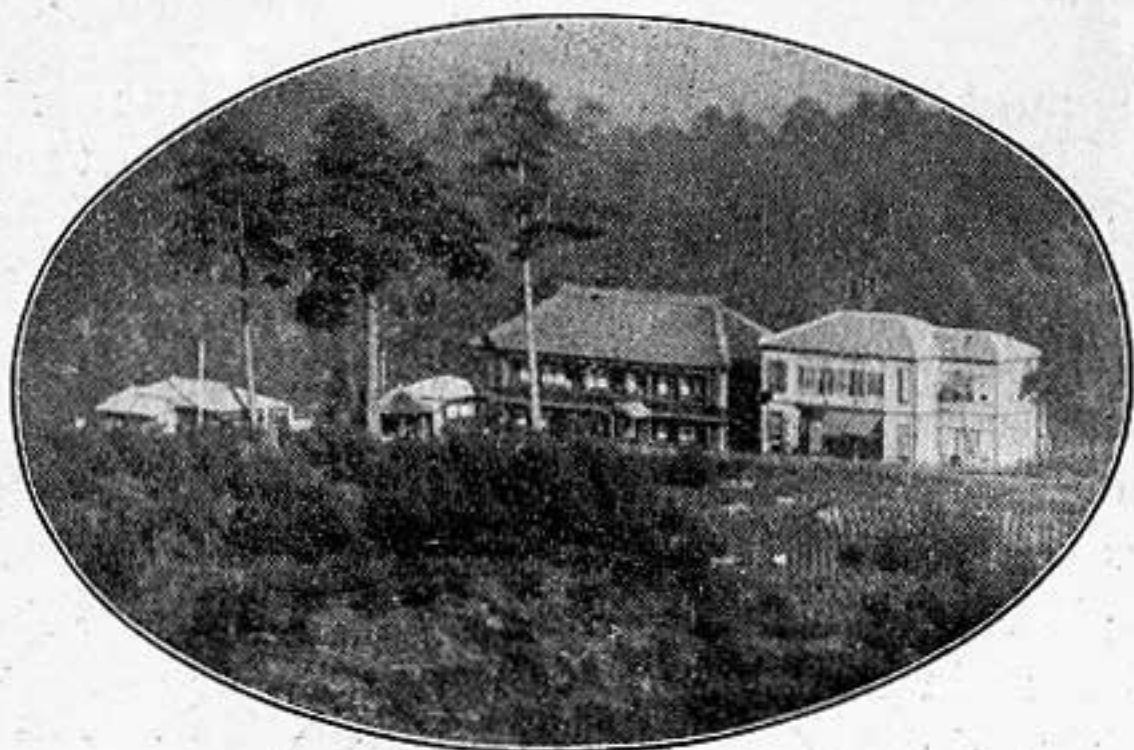


By Paul Fehlen '28

Annual School Excursion.

On the morning of October 25 a jolly crowd of College boys gathered at the Yokohama Station, for their annual hike to Yamakita.

The mighty Seniors and the happy Juniors, accompanied by Mr. Janning separated from the main expedition at Kozu. After a few transfers they arrived at Gora, having passed thru Umoto, Miyano-shita, and other famous places. Alighting from the tram all cheerful and merry



Outing Headquarters at Yamakita

they got under way for the first part of their day's work. A few miles of climbing brought them to Owakidani, a place otherwise known as "Big Hell." Here they viewed the boiling sulfur springs whose site was on the sides of the rocky mountain.

The excursionists settled down to their lunch in a Japanese tea house situated just at the top of the crest. All refreshed, they proceeded on their march downhill to the Hakone Lake. After resting awhile and viewing the surroundings the real hard walk

to Gotemba was commenced with great spirit. Following the military road and singing a good deal, to make the going easy, they made their way thru the tall grass for the mountain tunnel. Here as luck would

have it, they met a Japanese lady with a little child, who showed them a short but tough way to the tunnel. With throats parched and all fatigued they made the tiresome climb to the tunnel. Invigorating drinks of mountain water

(Continued page 26)



THE NEW PLAYGROUND TAKES FORM



J. DA SILVA, T. TURNER, J. BURKE, M. GANIN, R. MEHTA, P. FEHLEN,
CARLOS LOW, F. GANIN, W. DEWITT, C. PRICE, L. SHAW,

Finally.

The giant Quake-Fire of Sept. 1, 1923 is a mournful date in Japanese history. It is also a mournful date in our College's history for under it there is chronicled a whole Iliad of ills in our annals. Since that unforgettable day, we of the College have been sighing and planning, expecting and suffering disappointment, reviving hopes and planning anew for the rehabilitation of the nearly destroyed College. After two years of refugeehood at Kobe we back-broken, prostrate S.J.C.-ers began to improve to the point of "sitting up and being about a little."

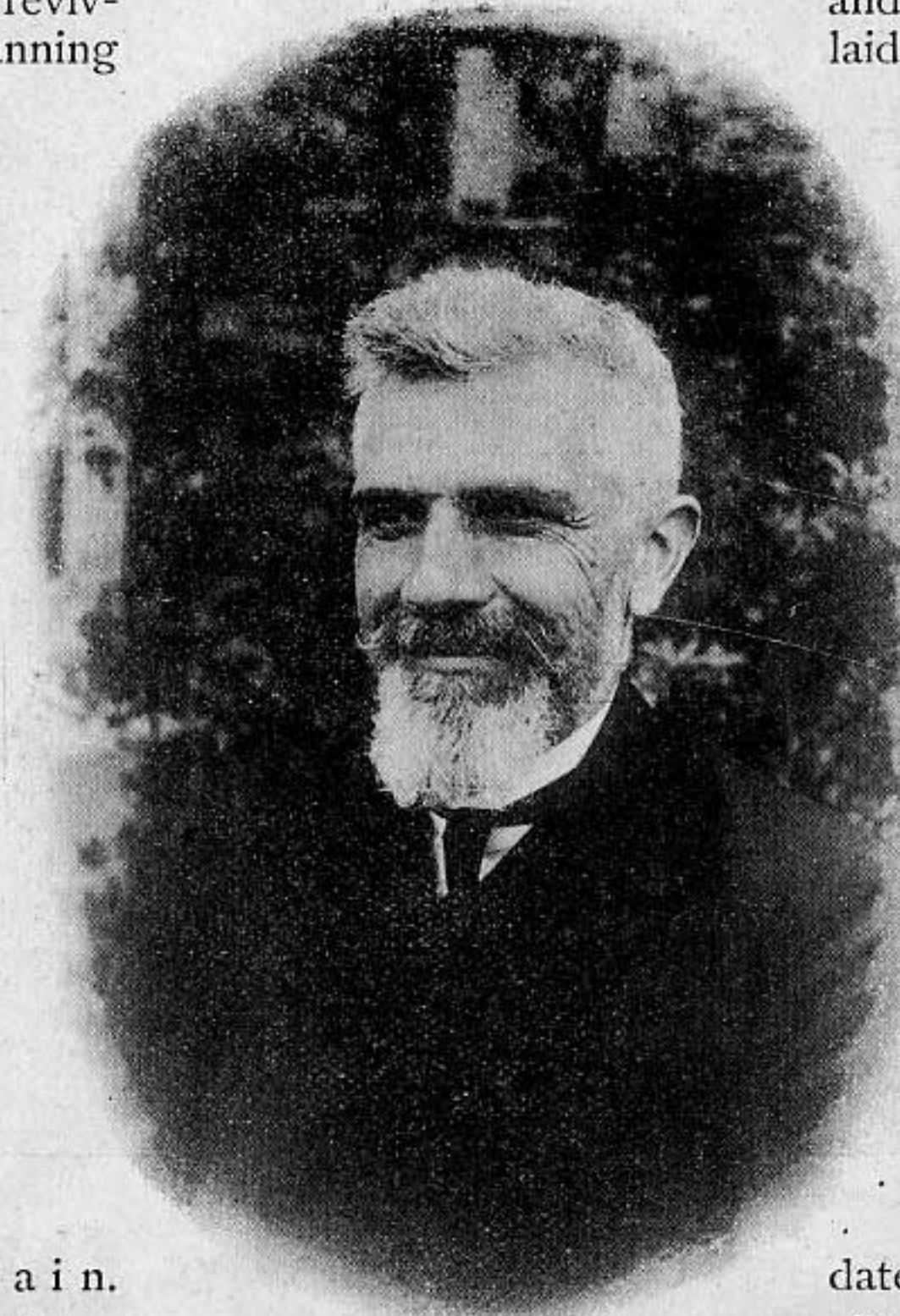
And now, we tremble with eagerness to break the news that we are cheerfully convalescent and hope soon to be our old selves again.

We have two dates set down in our post-Quake diary to offset the dreadful Sept. 1, 1923. June 11, 1927 is the first and to it is tagged the legend: "Breaking of Ground for the New Building." October 12, 1927 the other and on its scroll there is traced in illuminated

script, the one-line story of a long cherished ambition: "Permit Issued for Partial Levelling of the NEW PLAY-GROUND."

At this writing, the roof terrace of the new building is being poured;—which means that it is externally completed. At the same time, a large gulch in the "mountain" part of the old playground and a stretch of newly laid land at the other extremity give evidence of the fact that our plans were not merely on paper.

We still cherish the fond hope that the third red letter day in our post-Quake diary—i.e. the one which will witness the issue of the permit to *complete* the levelling—will not be too far removed from its companion dates. The forthcoming of sufficient funds to



Mr. J. B. Gaschy, Director
Who wouldn't smile with a new building
and new playground nearing completion?

cover this project will mark the date. We invite all lovers of youth, and all the sympathizers with the problems attending its upbringing to help up along by their generous contributions.

(Continued page 24)

gave the fatigued crowd some more spirit and they resumed their march down the great Nagao path. Branching off the military road and completing a good walk of 17 miles they arrived at Gotemba all happy and joyful for having spent a day so well. Catching the 5:50 train at Gotemba they headed for home, meeting the other division of hikers at Yamakita. Thus ended the last picnic of the Seniors.

What others think of the "Forward"

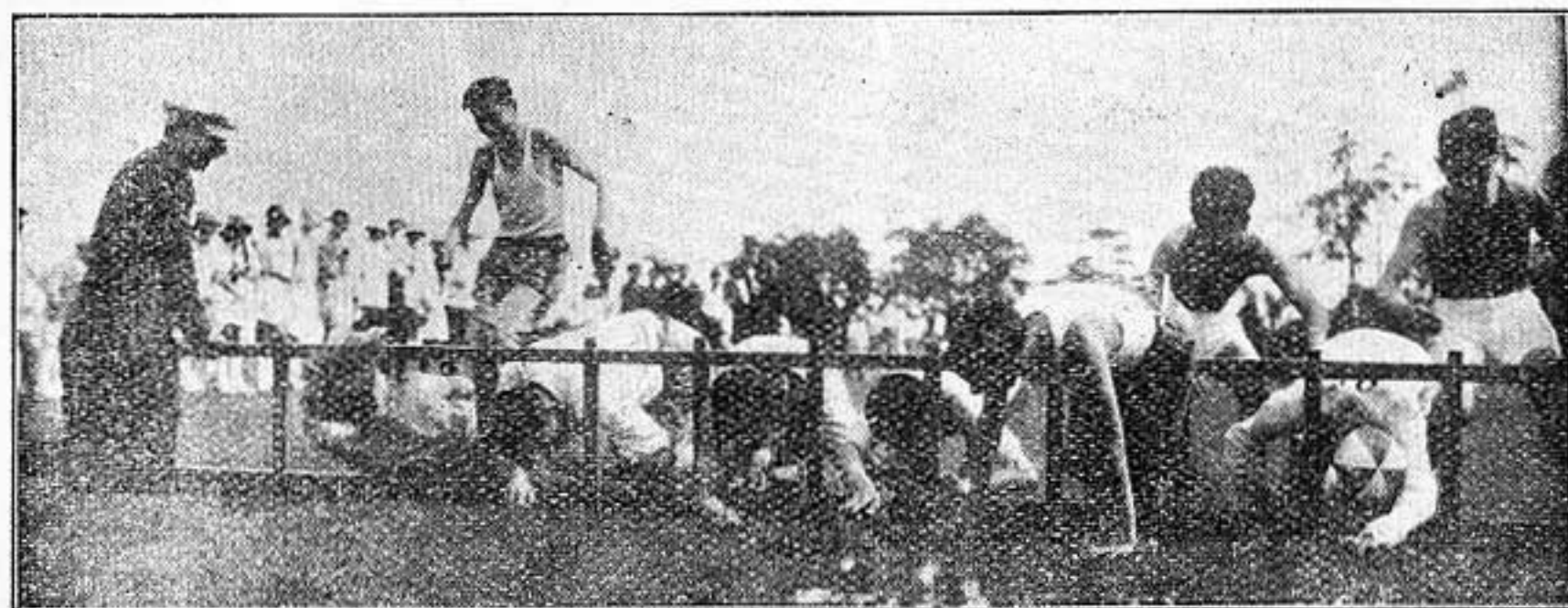
Among the numerous readers and well-wishers of the "Forward" the following was sent by Miss Adelaide Jones of New York, in appreciation of the last graduation number of the Forward. "I highly esteem the work

visit to the cruiser Jules Michelet. Arriving on board we divided into separate groups in order to inspect the vessel. Great interest was shown when the mechanism of the huge guns were demonstrated by the officers. We were also shown the different work shops, the engine room, the kitchen, and the armoury. One group of the boys had the good fortune to witness the aviator shot off the runway of the Primauguet, and take the air with tremendous speed, in an extremely graceful way.

Our cordial thanks to the French Consul and the Admiral of the boat.

The Class Escutcheon.

The class of '28 is greatly on its way. They have a hide on which their motto "Fides probata coronat" meaning "Glory crowns fidelity" is



Obstacles in the Race of Life

of the Editor-in-Chief F. Clark for his essays: 'Japan at the Foot of the Cross,' and 'Mysterious Japan.' The portraits of the Emperor and Mr. Paul Claudel, Ambassador from France are excellent." In general she highly praised the hard labor of the Forward staff of 1927.

Visit to the Jules Michelet.

On October 11th thru the kindness of Monsieur de Bellefon, the French Consul, we were invited to pay a

painted to blaze forth its defiance to the world. It hangs on the wall in their classroom, and during the course of the year they expect to put some interesting pictures on it principally the activities of their class and all and everyone of them vow that it is going to be their everlasting motto.

Sale of tickets for Forward.

The sale of subscription tickets for the '28 Forward was pushed ahead

by the S.J. collegians with terrific vim and spirit. The preps lent a helping hand in this sale and revealed their enthusiasm, to make the Forward a booming success.

The Naval Review.

October 30th, the day on which the Japanese Naval Review was held, dawned misty over the bay of Yokohama in which were assembled the Imperial fleet on that Sunday morning. Through the kindness of Monsieur de Bellefon, the boys of St. Joseph College were invited to the French Consulate grounds to view the numerous battleships and other ships of war lined up in the harbor. Although the weather was none of the best, a good majority of boys turned up, and thoroughly enjoyed the Review.

Volley Ball.

"It is an ill wind that bloweth no man good" and that is old Heywood's poetic line for stating the big fact of the secret compensations with which God's kindly Providence offsets many of our privations.

For the time being we have no playground; in fact, the playground is in the making—and one as big as we can make it for now. There is but one little area on which we can safely tramp about—i.e. under our playshed. And believe us! we are making it do overtime service. All the pent-up batting, jumping, twisting and other youthful energies are given full release right there under the old shed. Volley Ball is our great athletic tonic just now. O quaterque beati! one ought to hear us at a round or two! It would:

Stir the blood in an old man's heart
And make his pulses fly.
To catch the thrill of the happy voice
As the ball goes round and by.

Never since a long time was there exhibited keener rivalry on the one hand or exhilarating merriment on the other than the regular "pushes at the old pill" down under the shed. Visitors who are curious about the phase of our sporting activity don't have to come all the way as we can be heard a good distance off. Hooray for the volley teams!

THE BOYS WHO MAKE THE FORWARD

Paul Fehlen	274 points	John Burke	110 points
Charles Mahlmann... ..	274 "	Joseph Silva	110 "
John Mutow	252 "	Walter Dietrich	80 "
Lionel Galstaun	232 "	Henry Luther... ..	80 "
Lewis Shaw	232 "	Reginald Price	66 "
Chuen Lum	184 "	Lucas Hoshi	66 "
Alexander Neary	180 "	Sunao Takata... ..	60 "
Rustam Mehta	120 "	Keichi Takahashi	60 "
Frederick Ganin	120 "	Carlos Low	60 "

Business Manager Clifford Price
Asst. Manager James Henry

WE PRESENT YOU OUR FRIENDS

Victor Morgin who sent a donation for the greater St. Joseph College.

Mr. G. Weed remembered how in his early years he enjoyed or would have enjoyed a spacious playground and to time his actions with his thoughts, he sent in his check for yen 100.00 for the new playground.

Bro. Francis Meyer placed a new series of apologetic works in the college library.

Mrs. J. Niehe contributed to the greater St. Joseph College.

Mr. John Malinski is quite regular in his gifts to the college promotion scheme.

Mr. A. Manley who is a past master in the art of colored photography is doing a handsome work for the College.

Mr. J. Boullion of the Liquid Air Company supplied the chemical laboratory with all the oxygen it needs for the school year.

Mr. E. Manley presented the College with a supply of photographic material.

Bro. Fred J. Junker thought of our needs and sent us his check for advancing the work of the chemical department.

V. Rev. L. Yeske was quite generous in his gift to the College.

His goodly sum will be a big lift in pushing us forward.

Dr. Wm. J. Wohlleben wants our chemical department to be second to none and has supplied us with up-to-date books and magazines along chemical lines.

Mr. L. Gillingham presented a supply of gramophone records.

Mr. J. G. Nagengast loves music and sent his check to supply the gramophone with some classic records.

Mr. S. B. Mehta sent us his check for the new playground.

Bro. Theodore Pluemer has a kind heart and a generous hand for the College laboratory. His check was

very welcome and will go a long way to help us get re-installed. He also sent a supply of library books.

Rev. B. O'Reilly is so pleased with the work being done at the College that he sent a check to express his good wishes for a bigger laboratory.

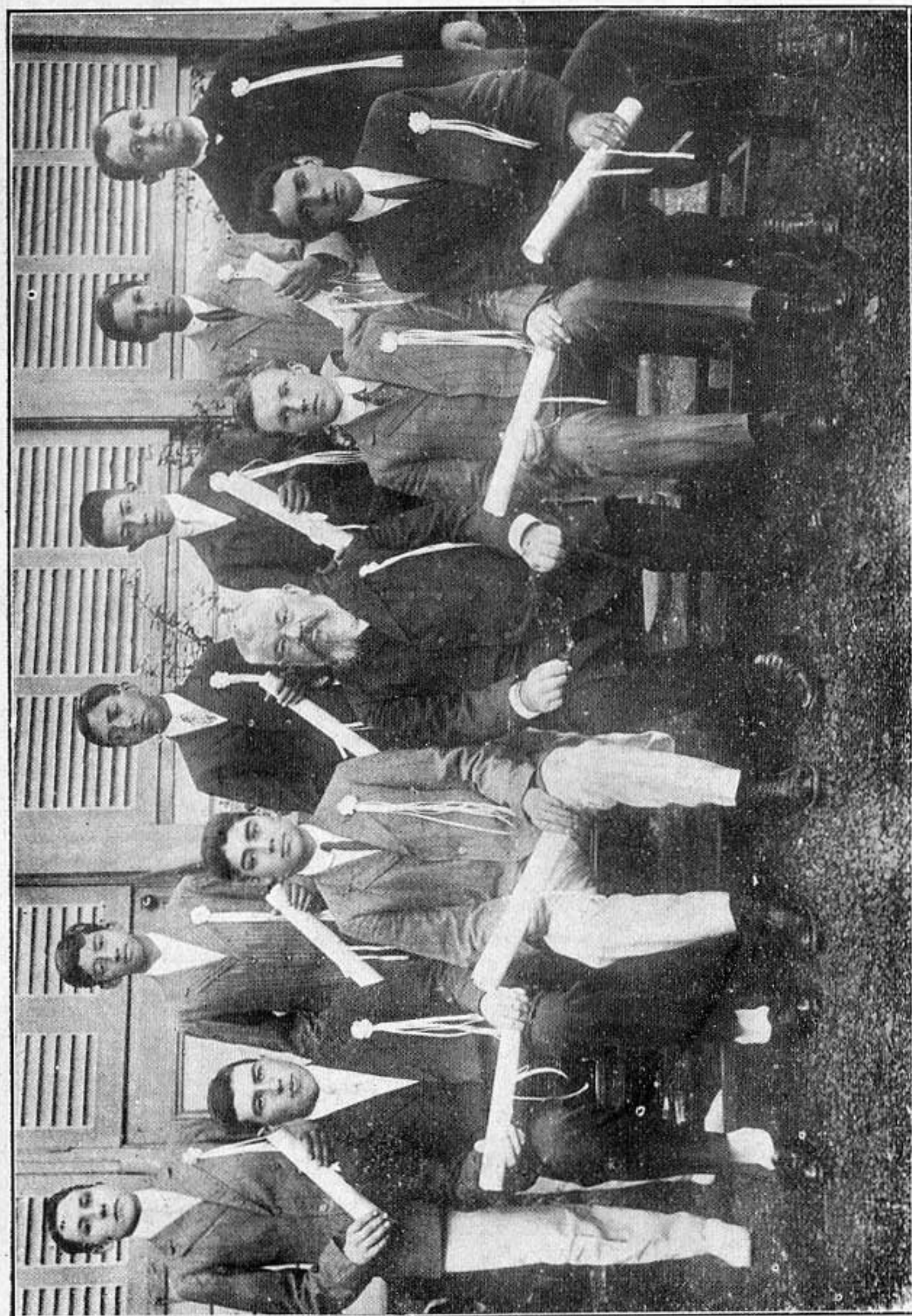
Mr. G. Iba, father of Marcel Iba a former student of our College, presented an encyclopedia, and some other books.

Mr. Toshimaro Yamamoto congratulates the Forward and wishes it great success by his gift to this issue.



© A Check will Lighten our Load ©





I. SUZOR, H. WEBSTER, N. OISHI, W. RHINE, H. COLTON, MR. EIBEN
P. TROCKEV, J. BOYES, MR. STOLZ, J. VANCHURIN T. LAFFIN
As they appeared in the Graduating Class of 1911



By Joseph da Silva '28

Fred Clarke is getting on in tip-top shape at the Daido Match Company in Kobe. He moves among those who direct the company. Fred keeps up his good work in helping the Forward. We greatly appreciate your spirit and assistance.

Ernest Breen is now back in Kobe. He is working in the General Motors at Osaka, after having enjoyed his holidays in Kamakura. Don't forget to write to us.

Albert Dresser is showing the S.J.C. spirit down in Kobe in the field of sports. At present he is a gentleman of leisure but he hopes soon to display his business talents as he did a year ago when managing The Forward.

William Fehlen is now holding his own in the Goshi Kaisha Papendieck Shokai. There is nothing like hard work in the business of making a success of oneself.

Valdimir Kulikoff is making good in the Getz Bros. & Co. He often drops in to chat with his former

teachers and schoolmates. Kuli shows his ability as a footballer in the Y.C. & A.C. and the Alumni teams.

Wa Dai Loo after graduating left for Shanghai in order to make good. Don't be surprised if he comes back as Dr. Wa Dai Loo, for his ambition is to be a doctor.

Knut Olsen of swimming fame has again shown his aquatic prowess by collaring the Norwegian Championship for the 100 meters, held in Oslo last August. He has been chosen to represent Norway in the coming Olympics. Good for Knut.—

Walter Helm is now at the University of California at Los Angeles where he is continuing his studies for his future profession. He writes from his sunny home and wishes the Greater S.J.C. a lot of good things. Thanks, we are going steadily on.

Andrew Voskressensky is now at Marseille, France, where he is attending College. His address is 27 Bd. de Nice, Pointe Rouge.

Oliver Guezennec writes from Senegal, where he is in the French Colonial Administration. Thanks, for the valuable collection of French African Stamps you sent us for the College Museum.

Nicholas Didishko is now in Harbin where he is busy fitting himself in his new surroundings. The Senior Class regrets the unavoidable absence of its long-time companion. Nick wants to give a hand in pushing the Forward. We sincerely thank you for your good will. His address is c/o Mr. Medy, Big Prospect No. 6 Harbin.

Teddy Olsen writes from Oslo, Norway that he slipped into a fine position in one of the biggest shipping firms in Norway. Congratulations. We knew you would do something quite cute in your home town!

George Biagioni has gone on a business trip to the United States and South America. We wish you the best of luck over there.

The Devine brothers came back from the States for their vacation and did

not fail to drop in to see their former teachers.

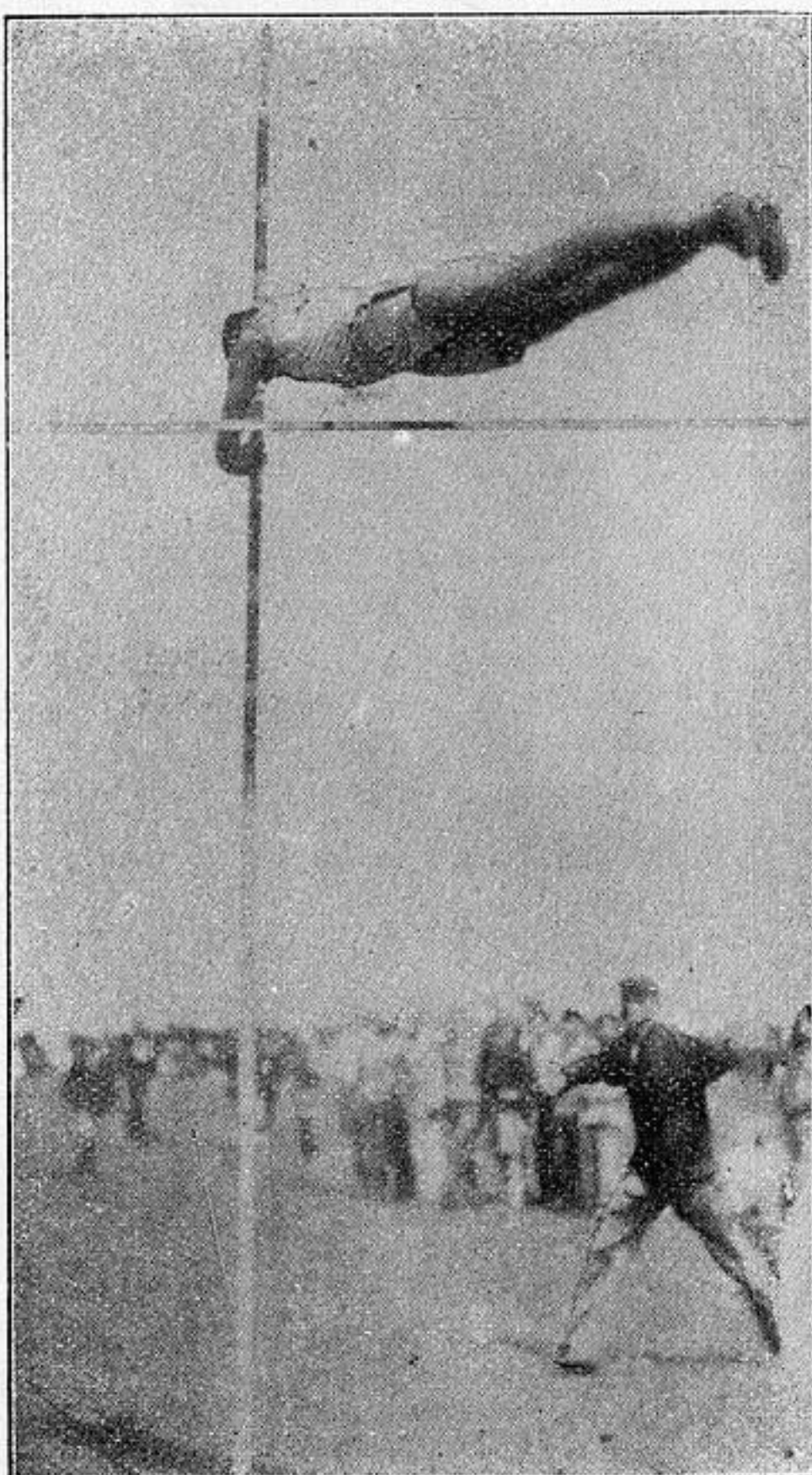
John Boyd is now a professor of practical Physics in the University of Glasgow. He wrote and said he finds a professor's life very pleasant. Thanks, for the article in the Forward.

Bill Laffin returned from a business trip to Manila where he represented the Lincoln Motor Co. Congrats.

Joseph Selles, we regret to say has remained in Kobe to continue his studies. Our "Knight" is still remembered. If only Pepito could be here now with all the paraphernalia of the builders about — then Knighthood would be in flower!

Curtis & Frederick Drinkwater leave for the British West Indies. Bon voyage!

Iscandar Agafuroff is now with the International Harvester Export Co. in Harbin. "Aga the Great" has a very good position and we wish him great forward strides. His interest in his school is as keen as formerly—and



Mighty High — Sports 1927

that is the mark of a great man. What do you think of the progress being made by your College?

Otto Issleib has accompanied his mother to Germany where he will take up his studies. Otto was gaining quite a popularity among his fellow students and we regret that he has

left us. He returned to his country via Siberia.

I. Akchurin who left Yokohama with his parents is now attending the English Mission School in Kobe. He writes and says that he is doing well in his class, due to his early studies at S.J.C. His address is 14 Nunobiki-cho 1-chome Kobe.

Wedding Bells

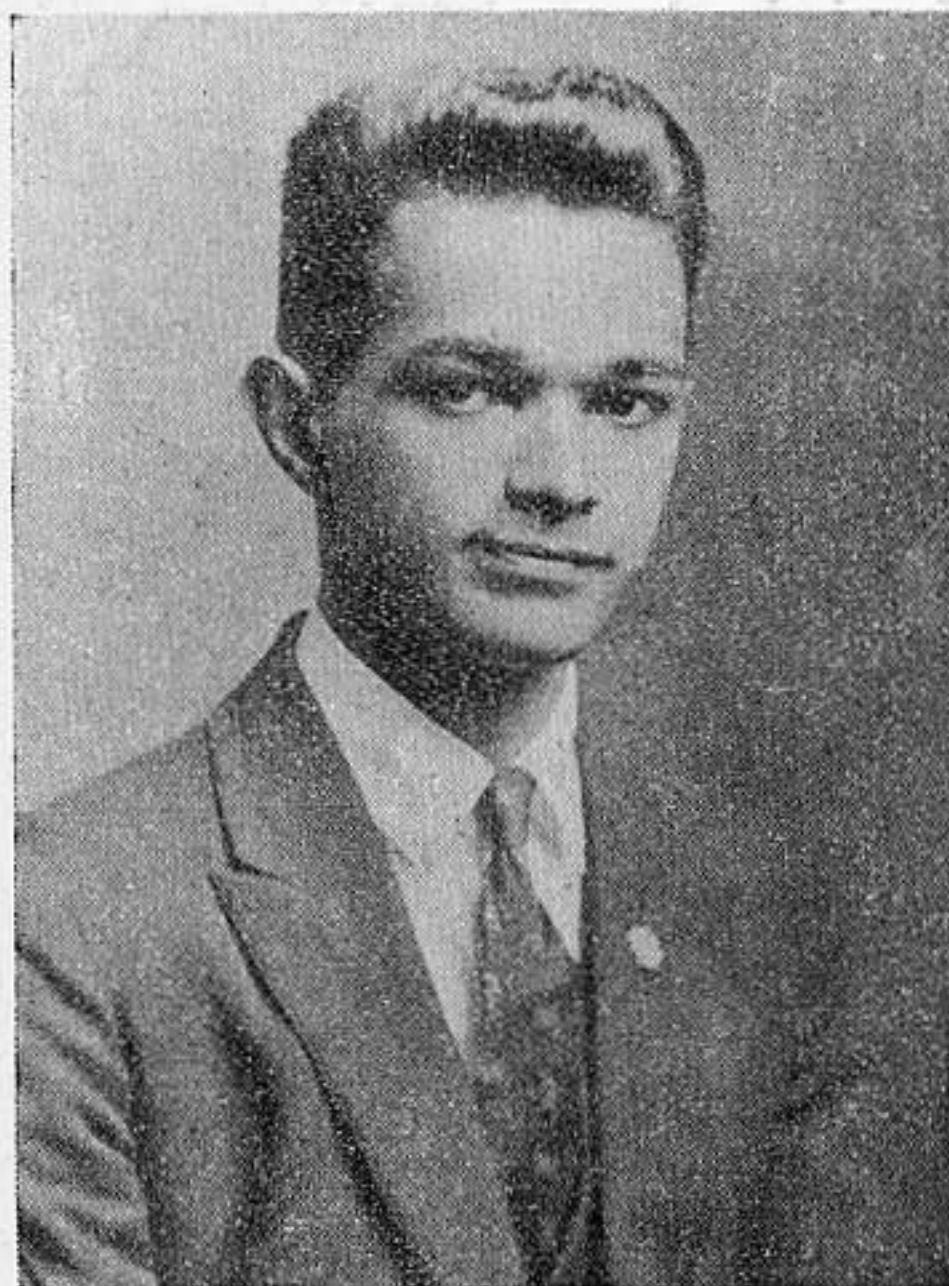
ERWIN PAPENDIECK was united in Holy Matrimony to Miss Mary Burke at the Church of the Sacred Heart on the 8th. of November 1927. Congratulations.

George Colten was married to Mrs. Bigler of California while he was in San Francisco. Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. George Colton from the Forward.



Junior Soccer Team

In Kind Remembrance



Edward Babo-Vivenot '22

It is with the greatest sorrow that we learned of the death of Joseph Miller, '19 at Los Angeles on Dec. 3rd. Joseph Miller was an exceptionally loyal Alumnus and never did he miss a chance to do his very best in the interest of his Alma Mater. His charity to those in need was unflinching. May he now receive from the hands of God the eternal happiness for which he spent his life.

The College wishes to express its deepest sympathy to his good parents, sister and brothers.

It is with regret that we must announce the death of our former student Edward Babo-Vivenot '22. While here at school he was highly esteemed and considered as a specially intelligent boy. During his last sickness, his mother writes that, Edward spoke often of the College and of Mr. Gaschy and Mr. Janning for whom he kept fond remembrances. Edward was a stern supporter of the Forward. After graduation he corresponded regularly with the College and the Forward. Our sincerest sympathy, we offer to Mrs. A. Babo-Vivenot, his mother of Victoria B.C.

THE month of November brought us the sad news of the death of William Rhine '13. To Mrs. Wm. Rhine and his mother we wish to express our sincerest sentiments in their bereavement. Mr. Rhine did very much for his Alma Mater when, five years ago, he organized the first S.J.C. Alumni Orchestra.



Joseph Miller '19



By John Burke '28

SANCHU DEFEATED

SANCHU with the kick off, commenced against a slight breeze from the north. Our speedy forwards soon got going and passed their defense and shot missing the goal by inches. The heavy and experienced Sanchu were outplayed and outrun by our lighter and younger players. At half-time the Sanchu were leading, the score being 2-1.

The second half was much the same as the first, only it was characterized

by some brilliant playing of our wings. The Sanchu made several attempts to better their score but in vain. M. Ganin who had made the single point in the first half effected two more in the second frame, and the game ended just as the S.J.C. were dashing in splendid form across the opponents line.

Score: 3-2.

Referee: H. Walker.

S.J.C. SCORES ON KANTO

RIGHT from the start the S.J.C. had the ascendent by brushing aside the Kanto defense and scoring. The Middle School forwards being lighter were helpless against the St. Joseph heavy backs, by whom they were baffled. The Saints time after time, tricked their opponents with ease. Perfect passing resulted in a second tally. The Kanto played

better in the second half, but still they could not keep together against the onrush of the Saints' lightning forwards cleverly supported by the half backs and the backs. However the Middle School managed to break through, and score one toward the end of the game.

Score: 4-1

S.J.C. EVENS WITH KOSHO GRADUATES

THIS game was hotly contested, both teams being speedy and tricky. In the first half, the Saints players apparently not used to morning games, were often in danger, and the opponents forced four corners out of which, by their splendid heading they put in two in quick succession. In the second half the College boys were in form, and the Kosho backs began to be hard pressed. A corner forced on them was our chance for the first goal, when M. Ganin neatly netted the pill. At times the Kosho broke through but Dewitt always was there and snappily prevented goals. Taking the ball up by some pretty pass work, Mehta shot a beauty which evened the score 2-2. During the remaining few minutes every effort was made to take the lead but at the final whistle the score read 2-2.

Referee: Mr. Germain.



S.J.C. Arrow Team

S.J.C. ELEVEN AGAINST ALUMNI

THE A.A.A. had four of their members missing and had to be replaced by the same number from our side. From the start the Blue and White forwards got going and with the aid of the wind, passed their fullbacks and shot a beauty, right into the frame. Then the Alumni boys made a sporty dash and passed the halfback line only to be checked

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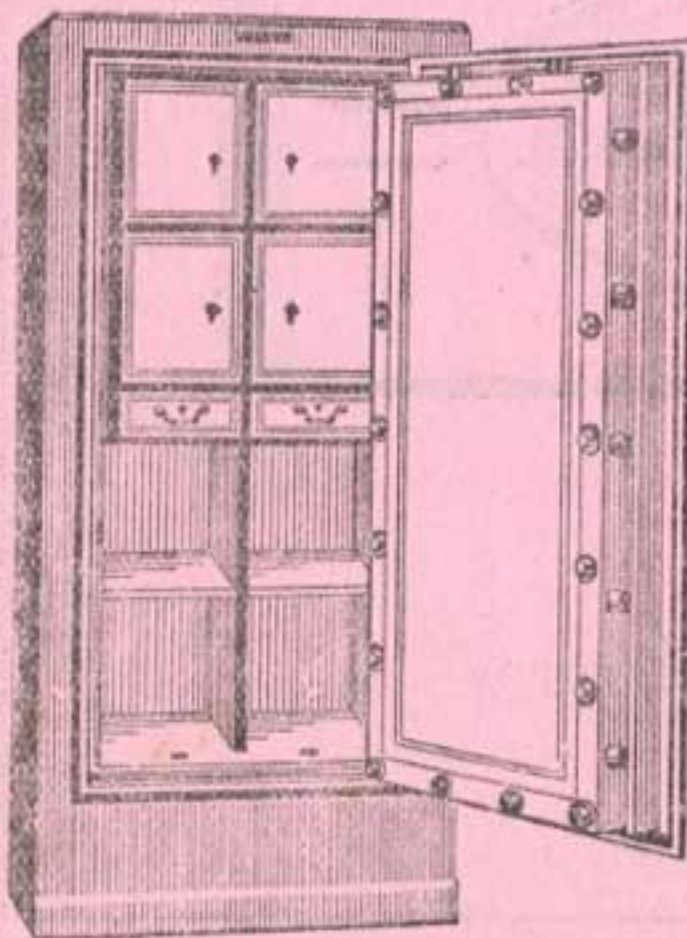


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DECEMBER, 1927

35

by the sturdy fullbacks. At half time the score stood 2-0. Right from the start of the second half the 3A backed by the wind made some splendid dashes but all in vain. The College defense was too much for

them. The S.J.C. making good of their several opportunities scored two more in this half, and the game ended in favor of the College 4-0.

Referee: Mr. Germain.

COLLEGE TIES NICHU

BOTH teams were light and fast. In the first half the Saints entirely outplayed their opponents but failed to score, their full-backs defending well. The ball with few exceptions was always in their territory. The second half was more evenly played. Skillful passing of

the Nichu gave them a goal, the lead. Soon, a nice center by Silva, resulted in a mêlée before the enemy's goal and a point for us. During the remaining ten minutes both sides played vigorously without scoring.

Score: 1-1.

S.J.C. DOWNS KOSHO SCHOOL

RIGHT after the kick off M. Ganin winged to the left and Fehlen making a brilliant dash centered but the pill was returned to mid-field by the able Kosho backs. After a few minutes Mehta, who was the star of the day, scored. The Kosho then got going and tried to close in on us but the trusty halfback line Shaw, Burke and F. Ganin fought with vigor.

The whistle blew for the half time the score being 1-0. The second half started by a dash of the Kosho forwards and they were a real danger at times but the backs always repelled them. Mehta scored again following a sudden attack. The game had to be called on account of darkness.

Score: 2-2.

S.J.C. DRAWS WITH THE COLLEGE GRADUATES

NOTHING could check the Saints in their onrush towards the opponents goal, and bad shooting was what saved the Alumni. The dashes of the 3A were checked by the half-backs and the backs before they became dangerous. The A.A.A. knuckled down to bussiness in the

second half and often broke through, but Dewitt guarded the goal and the ball was sent back. Again and again the College forwards stormed their goal but the shooting was poor and no goal resulted. The score at the end was 0-0.

Referee: J. Agajan.

ALUMNI DOWNS S.J.C.

THE Alumni resolved to even the series by winning one game, turned out in full force. Their forwards were often dangerously close to our goal, but were always repelled. Oftener were our forwards swarming around their goal, but miskicks spoiled our efforts. At half time both sides had not scored. The second half began speedily on the part of the A.A.A. forwards, but they did not manage to score, being repelled by our sturdy full-backs. Again and again

corners threatened their goal, nevertheless miskicks again prevented us from making points. Towards the latter part of the second half the 3A's left inside sent a kick high up into the air towards our goal. Our goal-keeper ran out to clear, but it bounced over his head and into the frame. Then the College boys with renewed vigor tried to tie, but the whistle blew for the end.

Score: 1-0.

S.J.C. vs GIOSEI

THE annual game of the Saints Joseph College against the Giosei was played off at the Toyama

Grounds in Tokyo on November 26th at 2.30 p.m. It resulted in a close defeat for the College, the score being 1-0.

BLUE AND WHITES WINS LAST GAME

FINE passwork and understanding was the main factor in winning this game. Although the sailors were taller and heavier, they were helpless, our combination dazzling them. Constantly were our forwards pressing their backs, and made them put in every ounce of their energy to prevent the Saints from swamping them. Occasionally the sea-farers would dribble up the line, but would

be checked at the half line. Beautiful centering by the wings was the cause of some of our goals. Turner performed a hat trick by netting the sphere three times. Dewitt our goalie, defended well whenever the mariners came up. Nevertheless they succeeded in framing two points in the second half.

Score: 4-2.

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By Alex Neary '28

Good Advice

Said Mary, "Boys don't smoke,
It isn't customary."
Then, you should have heard
The boys cuss-to-Mary.

Mother, a firm believer: "Why, yes."

Boy: "Then, please pin a tail on me."

Real Success

Jones: "What success is your son having with his music?"

Smith: "He plays like a professional—piano tuner."

Today

Children are to be seen (on the street) and not heard (at the family table).

Floury

Teacher praising a composition:
"This is the kind I appreciate. He uses such flowery language."

Jealous student:
"Why not, his father is a miller."

Mr. and Mrs. Begonia

Professor: "This plant belongs to the begonia family."

Smart boy: "Please sir, are you keeping it for them?"

Did you hear this one?

During Typing Lesson

Joe: "Say, John, I see you have a stiff finger. What seems to be wrong with it?"

John: "I can't bend it."

His First Parents

Credulous boy: "Mother, they say that man is a descendant of the monkey."



Strict Orders

At a fancy dress ball for children a policeman stationed at the door was instructed not to admit adults.

An excited woman came running up to the door and demanded admission.

"I'm sorry mum, but I can't let in adults."

"But my child is dressed as a butterfly, and has forgotten her wings."

"Can't help it, orders are orders; you've got to let her go as a caterpillar."

Mothers, Be Satisfied!

After you have walked the floor all night trying to get the baby to sleep, you can at least be thankful that you do not live in Greenland where the nights are six months long.

Ike Could

Teacher: "Can anyone put 'a-vaunt' in a sentence?"

Ike: "Yes, sir, I can. Avaunt vot avaut von avaut it."

Why She Paled

"My wife ran the car into the fence the other day."

"Any damage?"

"Knocked some paint off."

"Off what? the fence or the car?"

"Off my wife."

Disagreement

Would you find out why your back aches? Then seek consultation.

"Kidneys," the herd man says.

"Flat feet," according to the shoe doctor.

"Infected teeth," advises the dentist.

"Mal-adjustment," is the opinion of the osteopath.

"Impinged nerves," assures the chiropractor.

"It don't ache," says the Christian Scientist.

Something Spicy

Student: "May I put a bear story in the Forward?"

Teacher: "Our readers don't want any bear stories. They want something spicy."

Student: "Well, this is a cinnamon bear story."

Bad Cooking

John: "Say, why did you get those twenty lines to study?"

Bob: "Bad cooking."

John: "How's that?"

Bob: "The teacher had a fit of indigestion when he caught me eating in class."

Future

Boss: "Are you going to Kobe?"

Grad.: "Yes, by airship."

Boss: "But, there is no airship service."

Grad.: "There will be by the time I make enough money to go."

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